BUNCH COMICS

ドラゴン・ゴア

1

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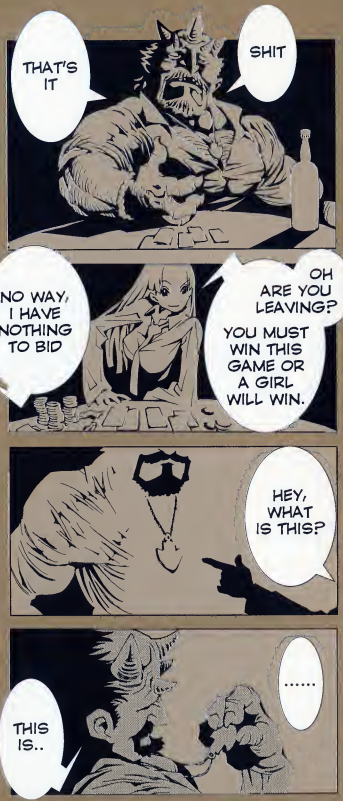
雑誌　47557-28

ドラゴン、ゴブリン、イエティ、
ネッシー、ガネーシャ、宇宙人…
そんな世界中の異形をかき集め隔離した場所は、
アメリカ51番目の州「エリア51」と
呼ばれている。表の世界にいられなくなった
ワケありの人間・マッコイは、
此の地で探偵業を営んでいるが…!?
唯一無二のイマジネーション世界！
傑作ピカレスク・ロマンの誕生!!

CONTINUATION: NEXT VOLUME



DESIGN: TAKEUCHI RYOSUKE

AREA 51

MASATO HISA

BUNCH COMICS

エリア51

1

真人

新潮社

AREA51

AREA51

ZDEA

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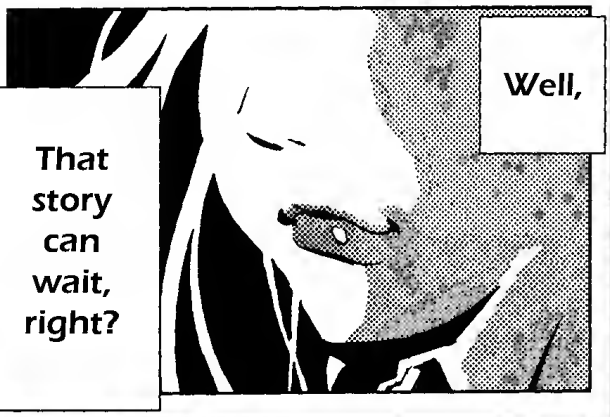
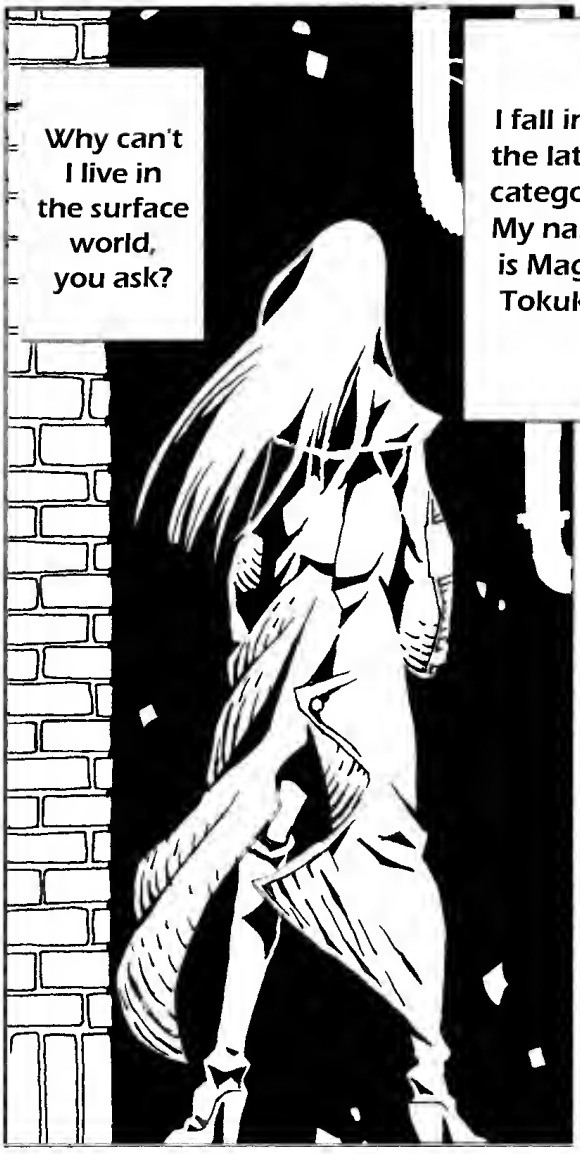
Dragons, goblins, cyclops,
Centaurs, yetis, tsuchinoko,
Ganesha, Anubis, aliens, etc. etc.
You've never seen any of them, have you?
Of course not. Because

for HUMAN and
NOT HUMAN
They're all here.
If you're a human from the surface world, there's no reason you should know about here.
GREAT OLD ONE
Here doesn't have a name, it technically doesn't exist.
But those who inhabit this place have a name for it:
WHY ARE YOU GUYS SO QUIET?
America's 51st state -
AREA 51
is what they call it.

There are only two types of people who live here: non-humans and humans who for one reason or another can't live in the surface world anymore.
An overcrowded, artificial "no man's land" where the freaks of the world are gathered and isolated.


That story can wait, right?
Well,

I'm in the middle of a job right now.
LIFT


Why can't I live in the surface world, you ask?
I fall into the latter category. My name is Magoi Tokuko.

I'M GOING TO COUNT TO 3.
ONE.
TWO.
THR...
GIVE YOURSELF UP QUIETLY BEFORE I'M FINISHED.
THERE'S NOWHERE FOR YOU TO RUN.

PIG!!!!!!!!!!!!
...!
DAMN IT!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BA
BANG
PIG!
IT'S FAST.
TCH!

SUSHI BAR
Innsmouth
寿司
MERMAID MEAT!?
WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GOT SOME...
BUT IT'S 50 BUCKS A PIECE?
HMM.
BUT YOU SAID IT'S DEFINITELY FROM JAPAN?
NOT ONLY THAT, IT'S FROM JAPAN!
THE KIND THEY SAY MAKES YOU IMMORTAL IF YOU EAT IT.
SMASH
ASH
HUH?
ALRIGHT, I'LL BUY IT!!
BA
ING
HEHE, ALWAYS A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.
WHAT THE HELL!?

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
PIG!

I ONLY JUST PUT IT IN THERE...
THE FISH TANK IS BREAKING ...
OH NO...
WHAT?
TELL THAT TO THE VASE! IT'S THE ONE WHO CAME IN HERE!
CRACK
CRACK

IF I DON'T GET THAT VASE BACK, I DON'T GET PAID!
CHING
LIKE I CARE!! TAKE IT OUTSIDE !!
DON'T SHOOT UP MY SHOP!!

MCCOY !!
WHOA!! MY 50 DOLLARS!! IT'S SAFE!!
WHAT!? WHAT!?

Nessie:
The monster from Scotland's Loch Ness.
WHEREVER SHE GOES, TROUBLE'S NEVER FAR BEHIND.
NOOO! MY SHOP...
HUH? WHERE'D THE VASE GO!?
PIGU
GUIP
TCH!
MCCOY!!
PSU
PI!

CRASH
BAM
?
MCCOY?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THAT HUMAN BROAD WHO WORKS AS A DETECTIVE IN LITTLE TOKYO?
MCCOY WENT INTO THAT SUSHI RESTAURANT JUST A SECOND AGO.
OH, THAT MCCOY!
THAT EXPLAINS IT THEN.
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK

DON'T TEST ME, GIRL!!
GRAB
YOU BITCH!! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE DESTROYED MY SHOP!!
KLIK
D-
YEAH?
BUT I'VE WRECKED WAITLEY'S SHOP FIVE TIMES, SO YOU'VE GOT IT BETTER THAN HIM AT LEAST.
SLASH
CUT THAT OUT ALREADY.
I DON'T WANT YOU HURTING MY GUN.

MY SUSHI IS SAFE!!
SAFE!!
SHE'S NUTS!
SHOCK
I'LL BE BORROWING THIS.
DASH
TIME TO EA...
HUH?
THUD
....
THUD
THUD

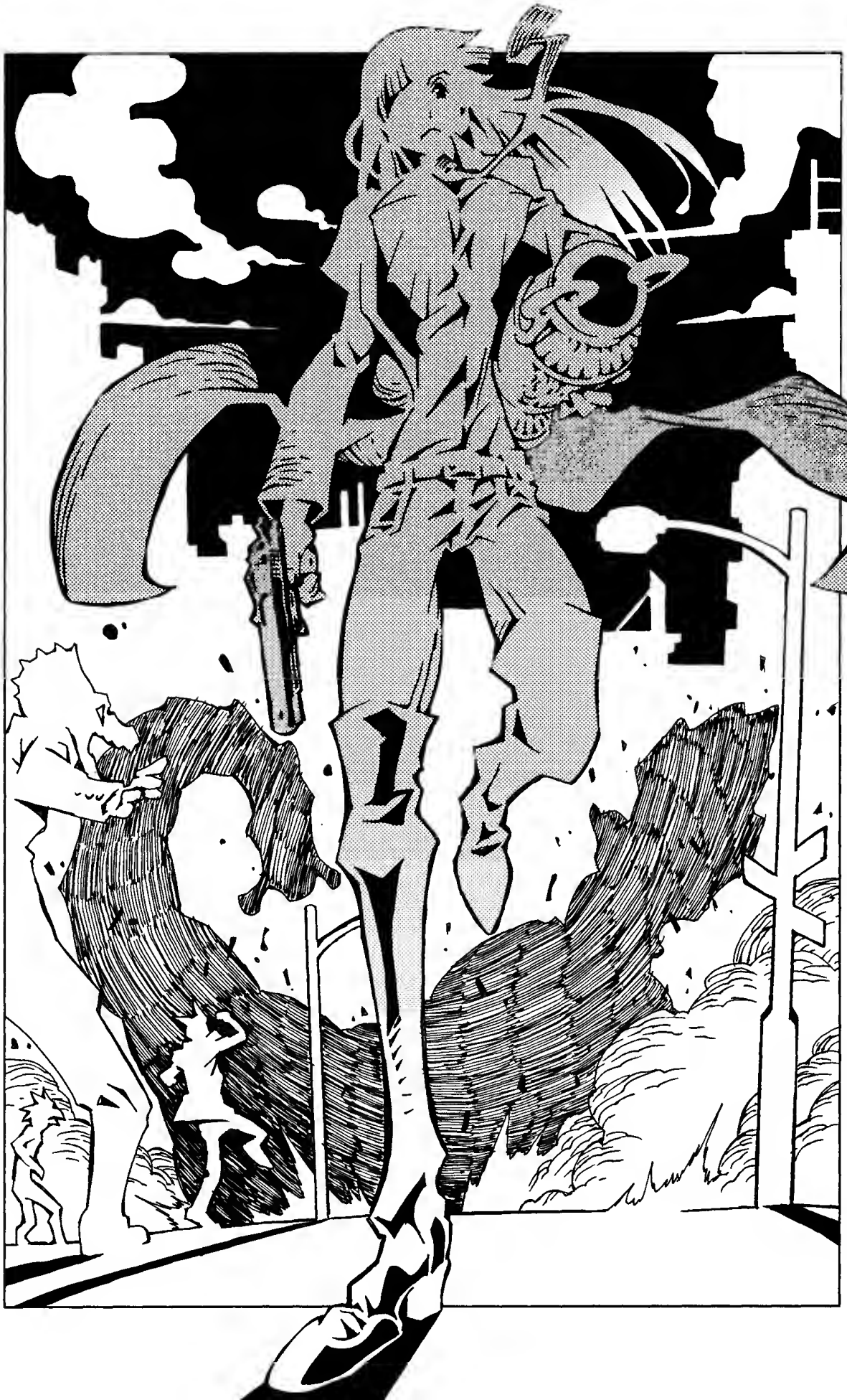
GIVE ME BACK MY FIFTY DOLLARS !!!
MATTHEW, YOU LIAR!! THIS ISN'T MERMAID!! IT'S JUST A CHUNK OUT OF NESSIE!!
PSH
PSH
PSH
BANG
BANG

!!
CHOMP...
AH!
SWALLOW
IT ATE HER...
I HADN'T BEEN FEEDING IT TO KEEP THE STENCH DOWN...

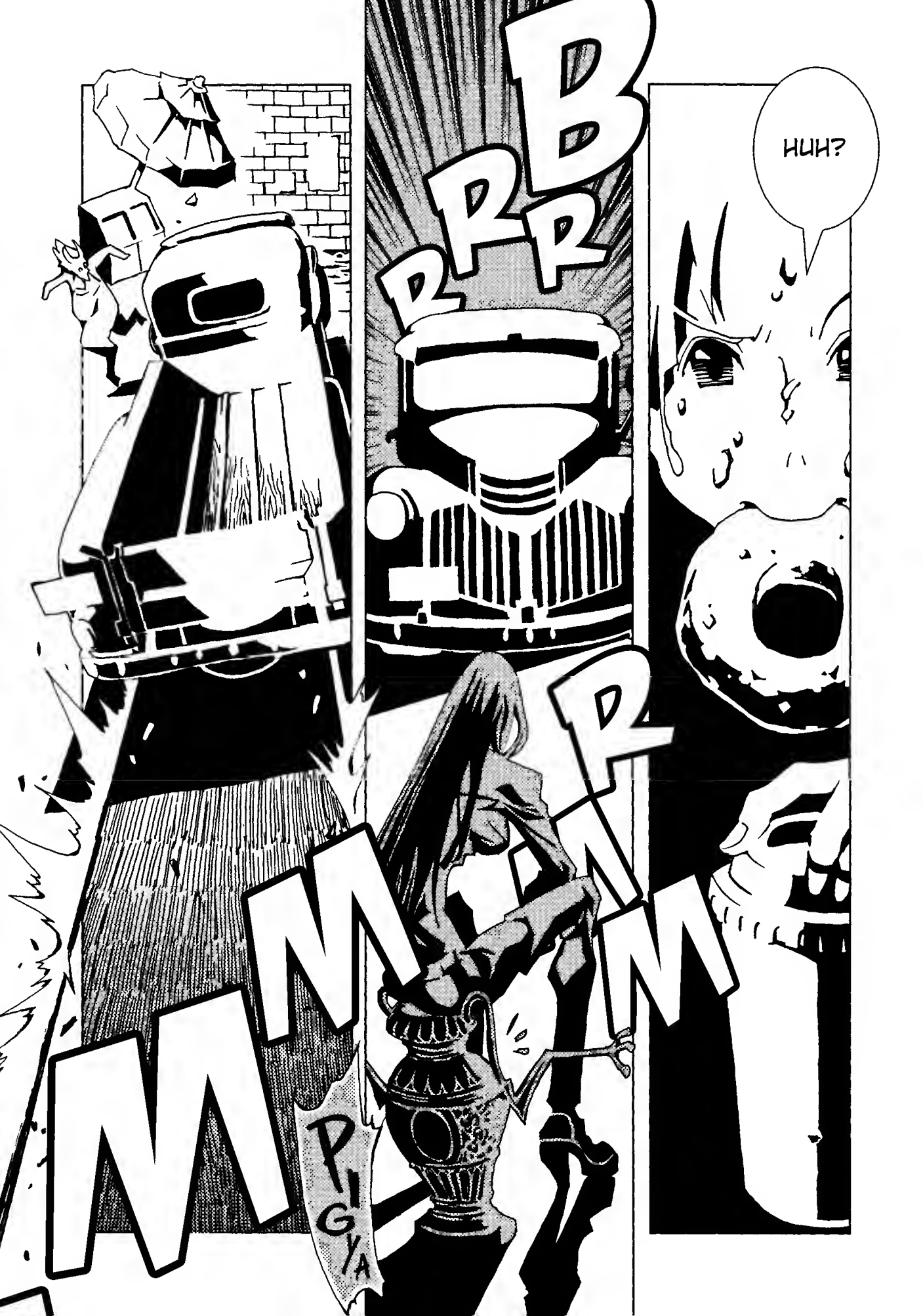
OH SHIT, WE COULD BE NEXT!!
DUNWICH
THE BEST BEEF
DUNWICH
DUNWICH
OPEN
1

ST
AB

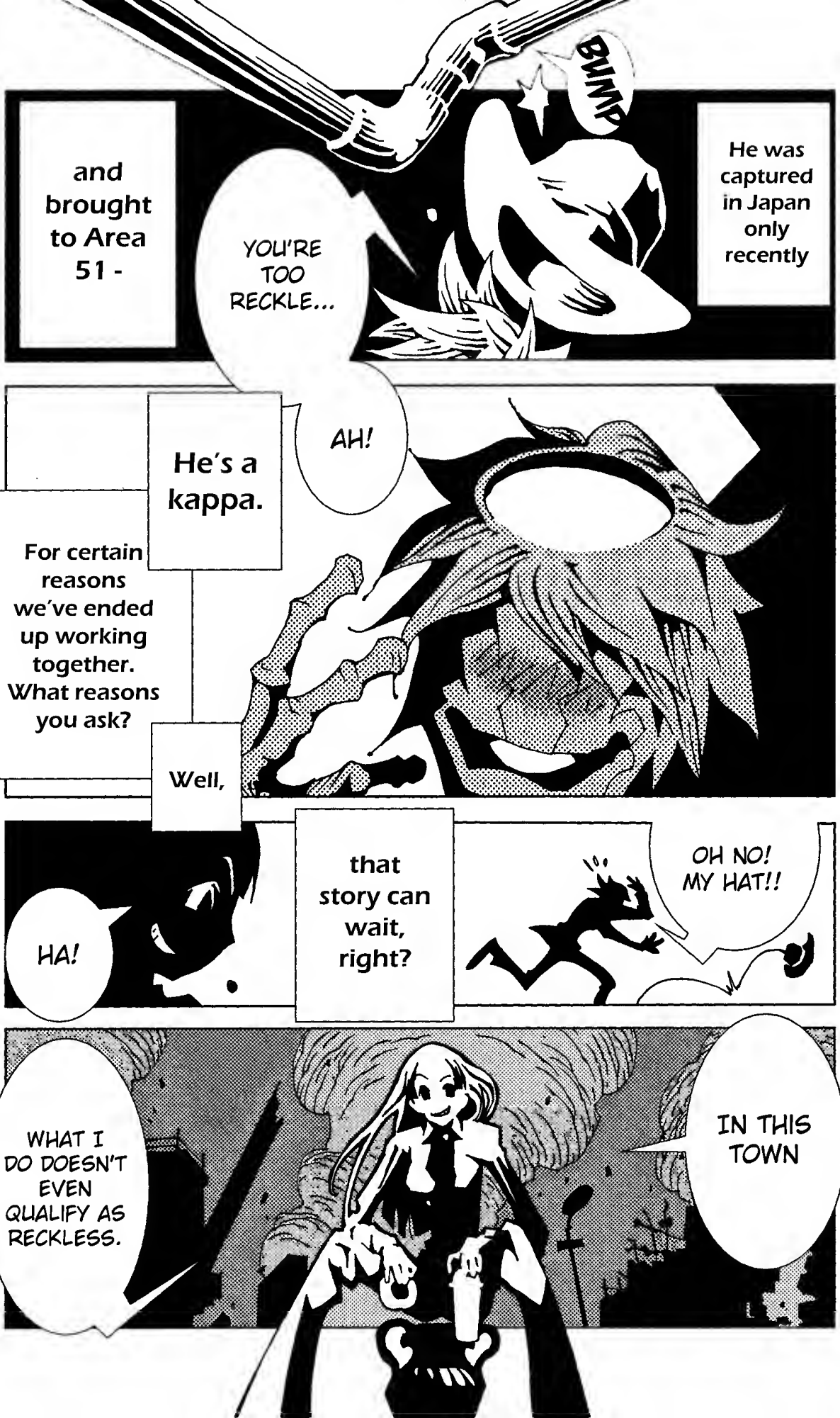
LEAP
PI!
SPLAT
GRAARR!
BANG
PSH

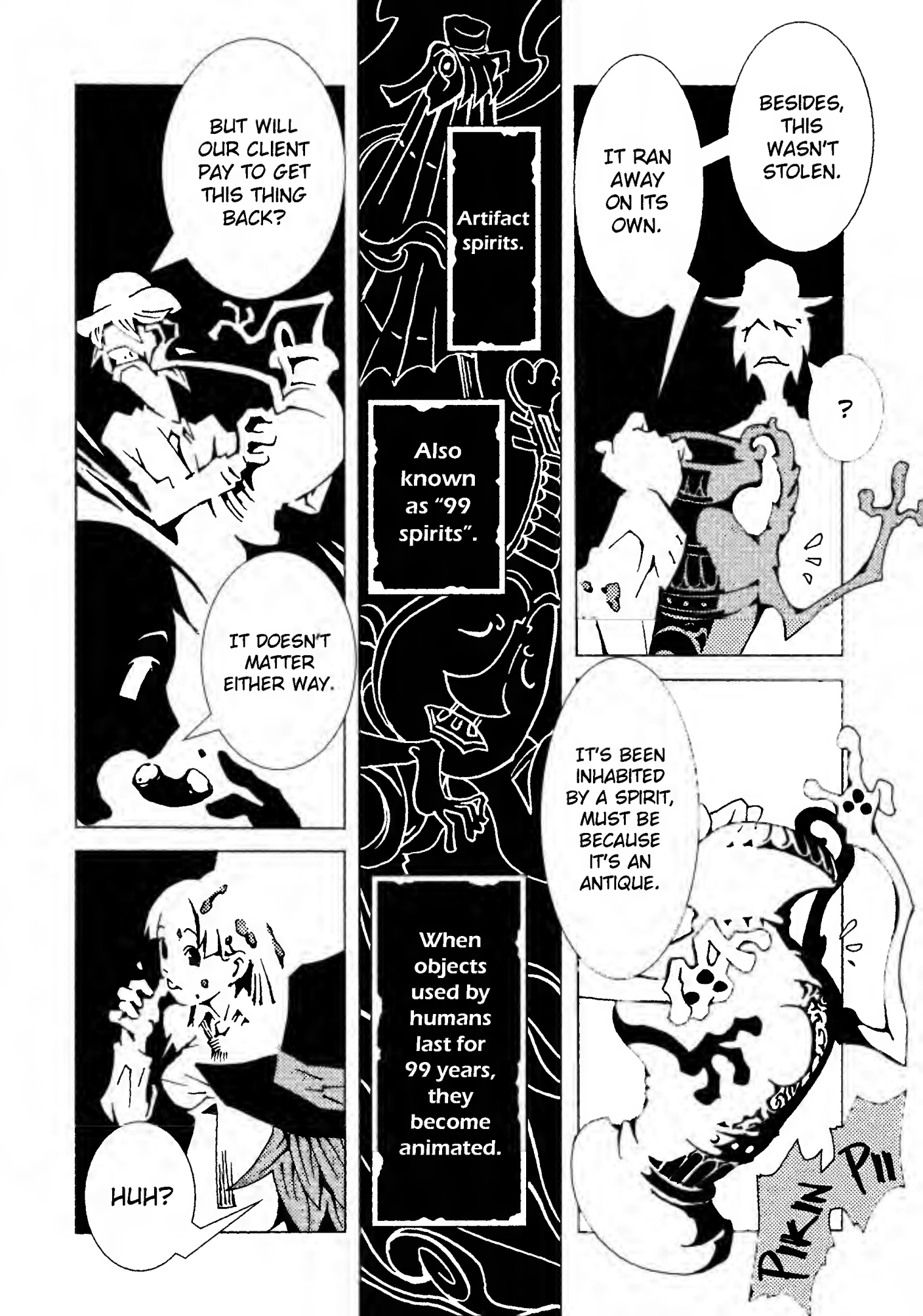


COFFEE AND DONUTS.
A NORMAL OLD FASHIONED AND THREE CHOCOLATE ONES.
HEY, MAGNIFICENT JOB AS ALWAYS, MCCOY.
NO ONE PUTS ON A SHOW QUITE LIKE ME.
AND YOU'RE AS HUNGRY AS ALWAYS, TOO.
DRIP
!!
SCREECH
SCREECH
THERE SHE IS!!

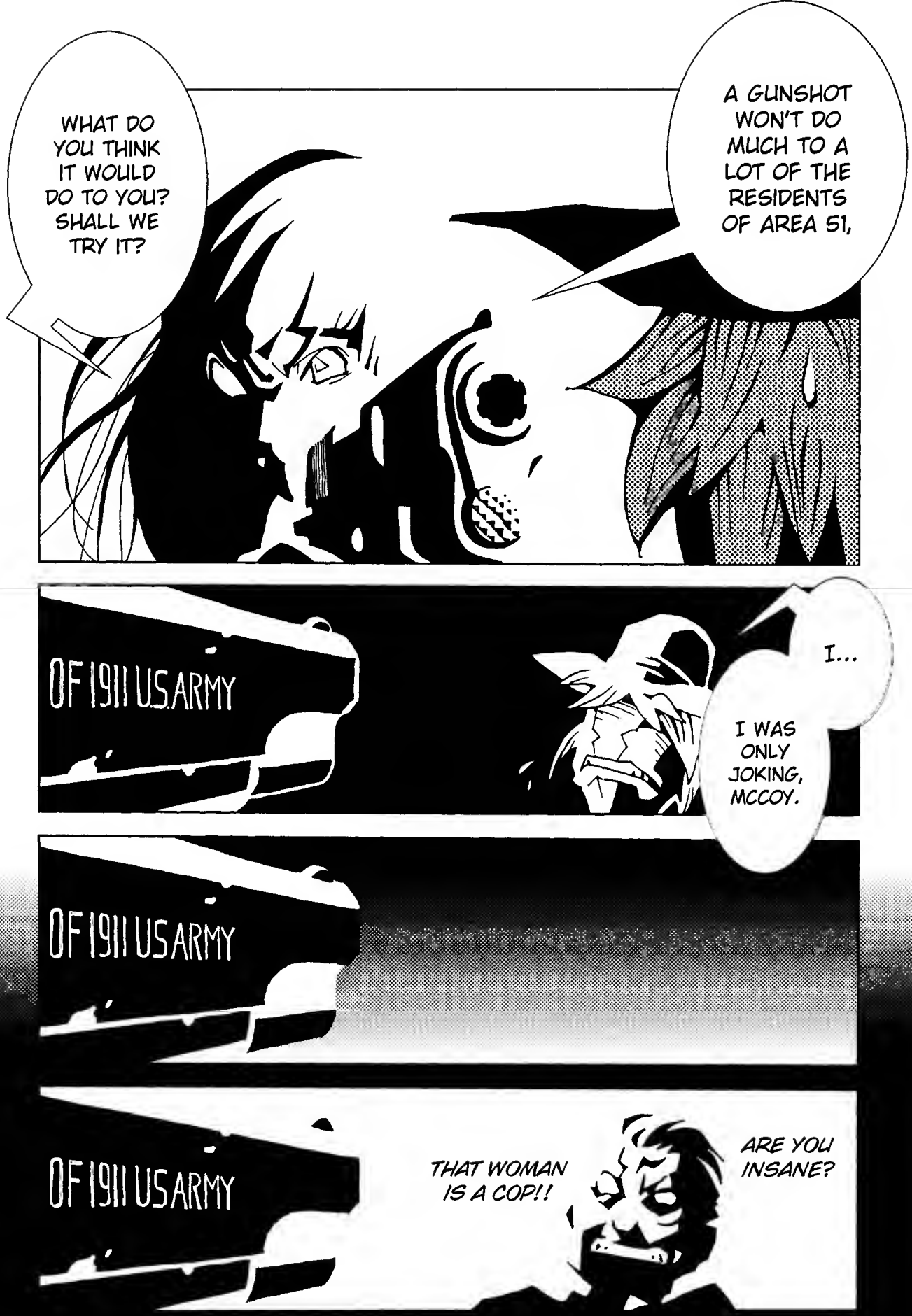

BRRR
HUH?
WRRRM
PIGYA

This is Kishirou.
...
THNK
YOUR DRIVING'S IMPROVED,
YOU'VE LEARNT TO STOP *BEFORE* YOU RUN ME OVER NOW.
CRK
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO LEVEL AN ENTIRE BLOCK?
NOW MCCOY, WEREN'T YOU MEANT TO BE LOOKING FOR A STOLEN VASE?


BUMP
He was captured in Japan only recently
and brought to Area 51 -
YOU'RE TOO RECKLE...
AH!
He's a kappa.
For certain reasons we've ended up working together. What reasons you ask?
Well,
HA!
that story can wait, right?
OH NO! MY HAT!!
IN THIS TOWN
WHAT I DO DOESN'T EVEN QUALIFY AS RECKLESS.


BUT WILL OUR CLIENT PAY TO GET THIS THING BACK?
IT DOESN'T MATTER EITHER WAY.
HUH?
Artifact spirits.
Also known as "99 spirits".
When objects used by humans last for 99 years, they become animated.
BESIDES, THIS WASN'T STOLEN.
IT RAN AWAY ON ITS OWN.
?
IT'S BEEN INHABITED BY A SPIRIT, MUST BE BECAUSE IT'S AN ANTIQUE.
PIKIN
PII

SCRUB
SCRUB
WHAT?
OH, YEAH.
WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A TOWEL ON YOU?
SLIDE
MCCOY.
A NORMAL GIRL WOULD CLEAN HER FACE BEFORE HER GUN.
YOU ACT LIKE A MAN...
KISHIROU.

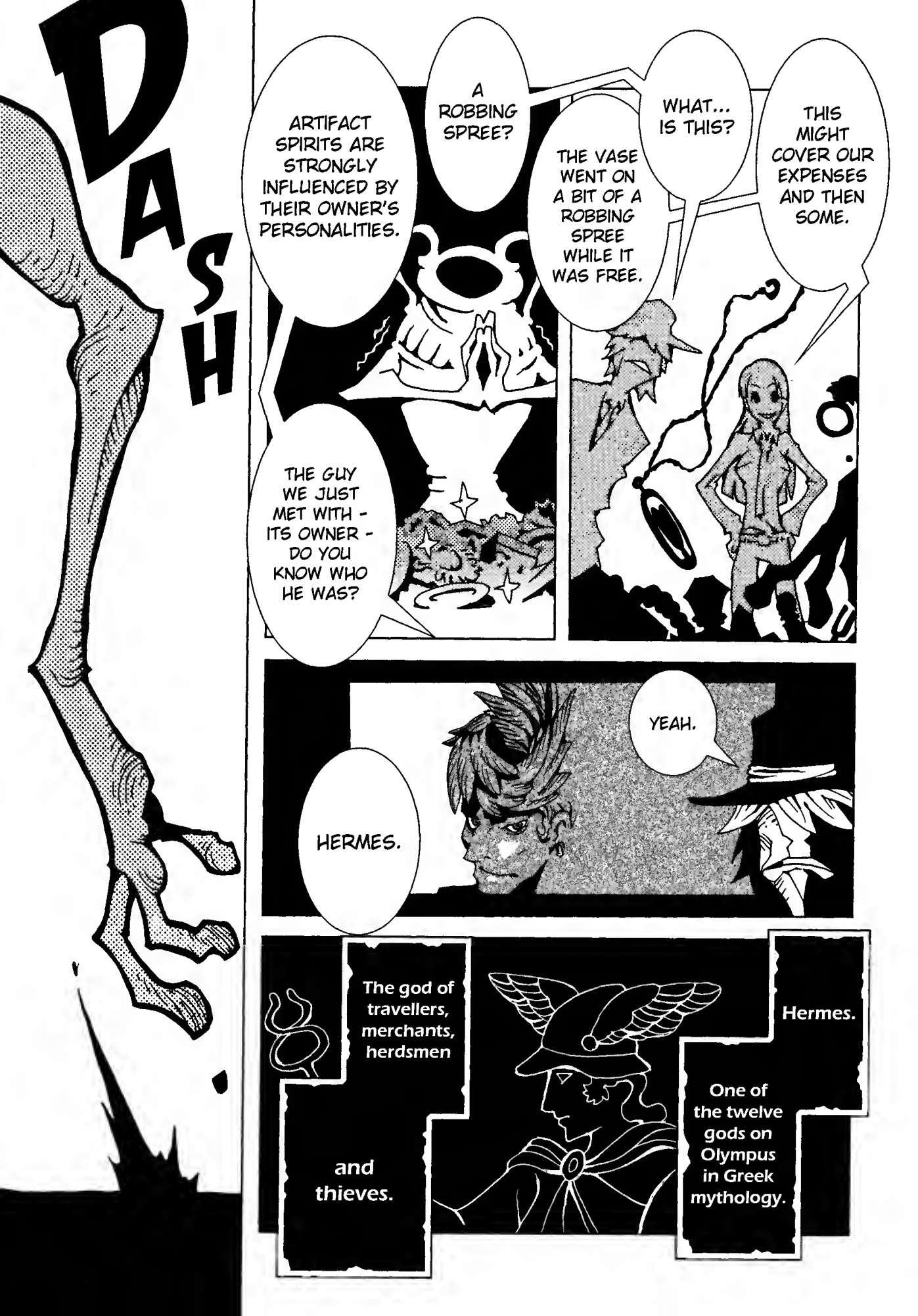

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WOULD DO TO YOU? SHALL WE TRY IT?
A GUNSHOT WON'T DO MUCH TO A LOT OF THE RESIDENTS OF AREA 51,
OF 1911 U.S.ARMY
I...
I WAS ONLY JOKING, MCCOY.
OF 1911 U.S.ARMY
OF 1911 U.S.ARMY
THAT WOMAN IS A COP!!
ARE YOU INSANE?

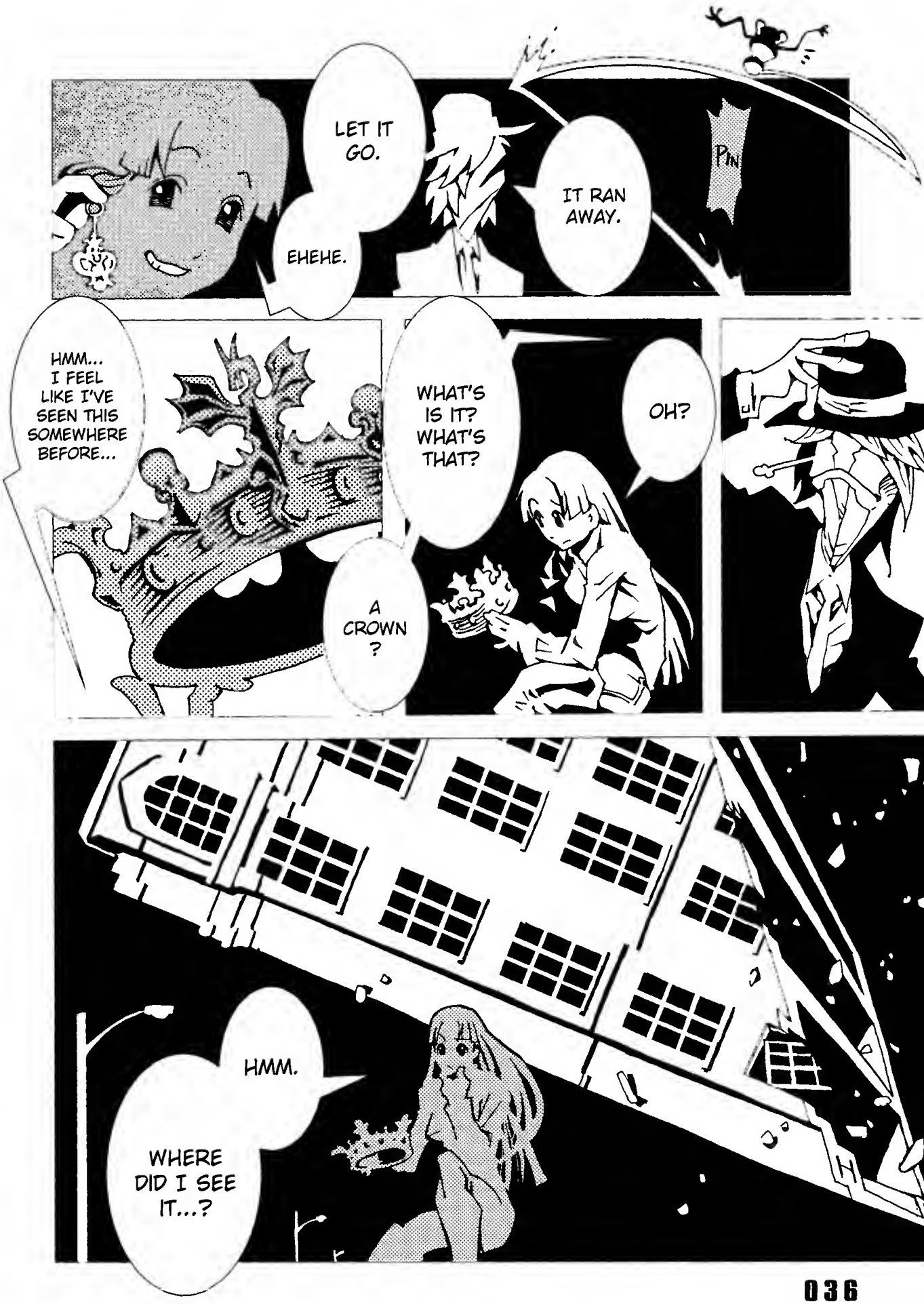
AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE.
WHO GETS SHOT.
SHUT UP! I'M THE ONE WHO DECIDES
That story...
Can wait...

WHAT THE HELL'S THIS?
YOU ASKED US TO RECOVER THE VASE THAT WAS STOLEN FROM YOUR SHOP.
YES, MY VASE, NOT THIS RIDICULOUS THING.
I'M NOT PAYING YOU FOR THIS.
BUT...
MCCOY?
THAT'S FINE.
IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT NOT WANTING THIS VASE,
THEN I'LL TAKE IT TO COVER OUR EXPENSES.

!!
ISN'T THAT...
I USED UP A LOT OF BULLETS GETTING THAT THING BACK.
EXPENSES?
THAT MAKES IT PART OF THE FIRST LOT PRODUCED IN 1912!!
WHAT AN AMAZING ANTIQUE!!
L OF 1911 U.S. ARMY
Nº 110
A COLT M1911...
AND THAT SERIAL NUMBER...
YOU CAN HAVE THE BULLETS, I'LL GIVE YOU AS MANY OF THOSE AS YOU WANT.
I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE...
WHY DON'T YOU HAND IT OVER?
KLIK
FINE, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT.
HMPH, LEAD BULLETS DON'T DO MUCH TO US...
.....

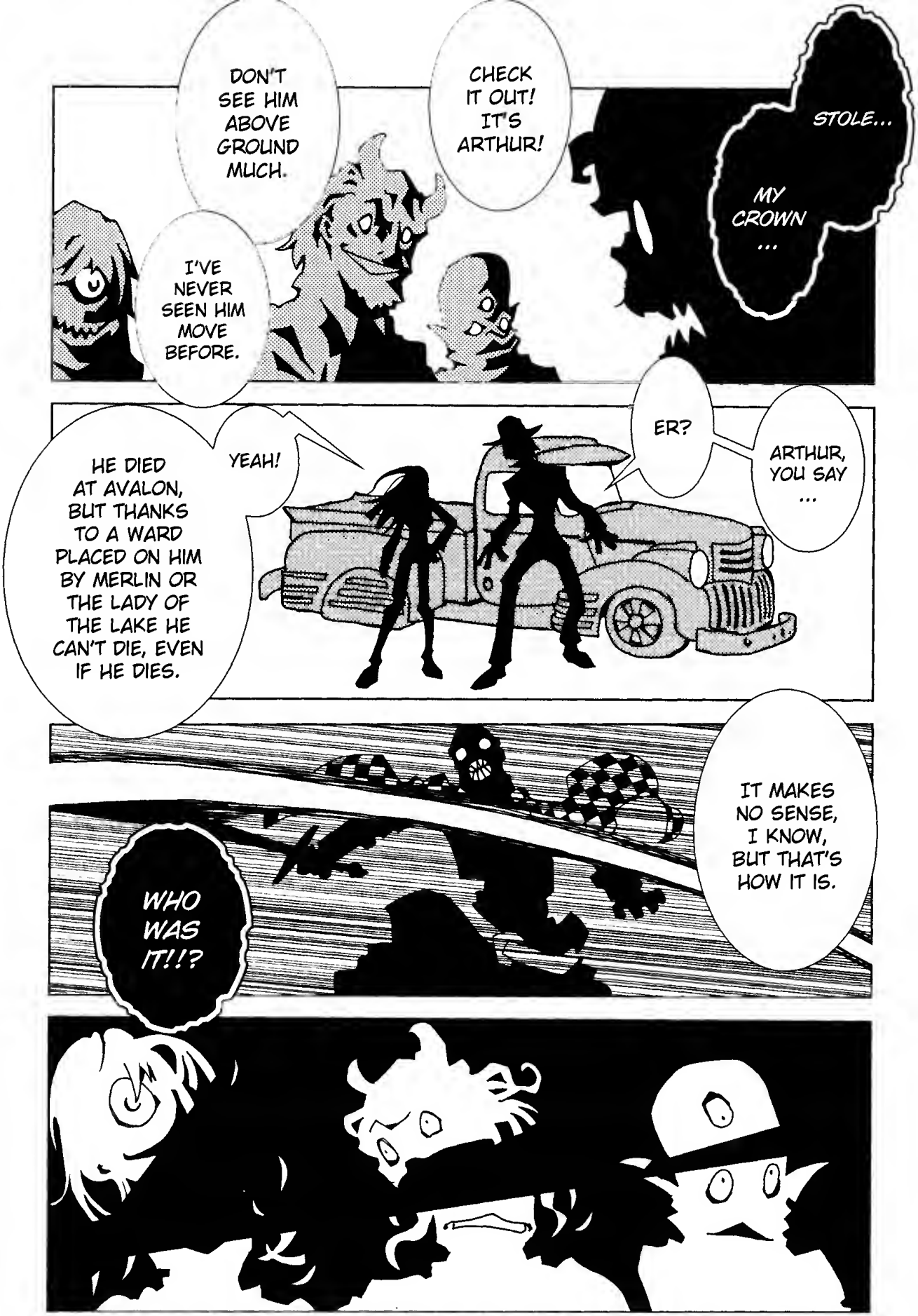
HEY... MCCOY!
IF YOU WANT IT, TAKE IT.
JANGLE
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT...?
TAP
COME ON,
COUGH IT UP.
DO I HAVE TO COUNT TO 3 AGAIN?
PI!


DASH
ARTIFACT SPIRITS ARE STRONGLY INFLUENCED BY THEIR OWNER'S PERSONALITIES.
A ROBBING SPREE?
THE VASE WENT ON A BIT OF A ROBBING SPREE WHILE IT WAS FREE.
WHAT... IS THIS?
THIS MIGHT COVER OUR EXPENSES AND THEN SOME.
THE GUY WE JUST MET WITH - ITS OWNER - DO YOU KNOW WHO HE WAS?
YEAH.
HERMES.
The god of travellers, merchants, herdsmen and thieves.
Hermes.
One of the twelve gods on Olympus in Greek mythology.

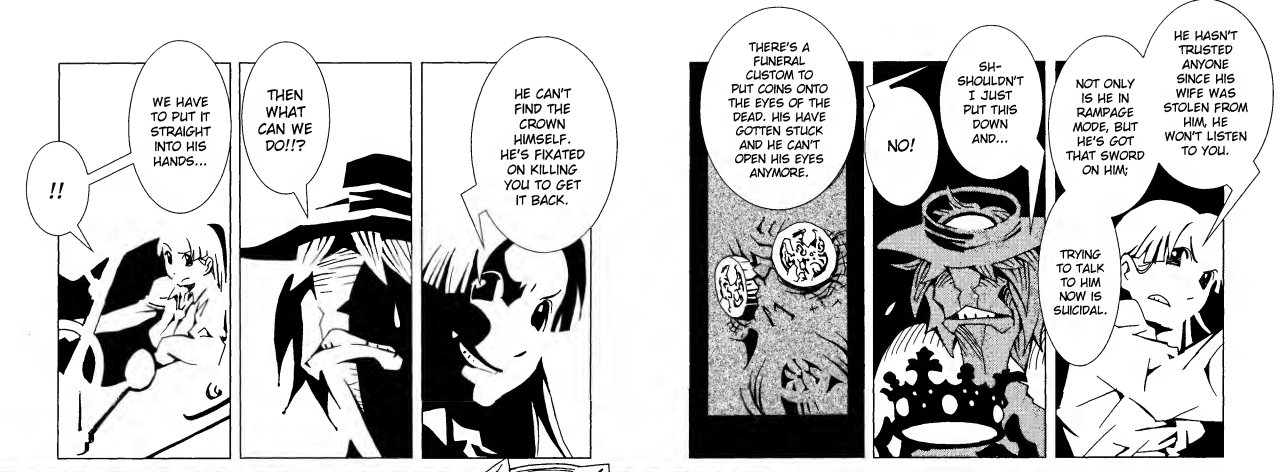

LET IT GO.
EHEHE.
IT RAN AWAY.
PIN
HMM... I FEEL LIKE I'VE SEEN THIS SOMEWHERE BEFORE...
A CROWN ?
WHAT'S IS IT? WHAT'S THAT?
OH?
HMM.
WHERE DID I SEE IT...?

WHAT'S HAPPENING !?
OH!
I REMEMBER NOW...
....
THIS... IS *HIS*.
"HIS"?
WHO IS HE?
WHO?
CL ANG
SOMEONE VERY FAMOUS.
EVEN YOU WOULD'VE HEARD HIS NAME BEFORE.
BOOM

KING ARTHUR.
King Arthur
He wielded the holy sword Excalibur and assembled the Knights of the Round Table.
Britain's legendary king.
SOMEONE ...


DON'T SEE HIM ABOVE GROUND MUCH.
CHECK IT OUT! IT'S ARTHUR!
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM MOVE BEFORE.
STOLE...
MY CROWN ...
HE DIED AT AVALON, BUT THANKS TO A WARD PLACED ON HIM BY MERLIN OR THE LADY OF THE LAKE HE CAN'T DIE, EVEN IF HE DIES.
YEAH!
ER?
ARTHUR, YOU SAY ...
IT MAKES NO SENSE, I KNOW, BUT THAT'S HOW IT IS.
WHO WAS IT!!?

OH,
KING ARTHUR, I'VE FOUND YOUR CROWN!!
YOU IDIOT!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE AND WATCH!!
WOW! EXCALIBUR'S SOMETHING ELSE!
SLA...SH
SO YOU STOLE IT!!
GET IN! QUICK!!
EH?
YANK
THNK
SLIDE
CRACK


HE HASN'T TRUSTED ANYONE SINCE HIS WIFE WAS STOLEN FROM HIM, HE WON'T LISTEN TO YOU.
NOT ONLY IS HE IN RAMPAGE MODE, BUT HE'S GOT THAT SWORD ON HIM;
TRYING TO TALK TO HIM NOW IS SUICIDAL.
SH-SHOULDN'T I JUST PUT THIS DOWN AND...
NO!
THERE'S A FUNERAL CUSTOM TO PUT COINS ONTO THE EYES OF THE DEAD. HIS HAVE GOTTEN STUCK AND HE CAN'T OPEN HIS EYES ANYMORE.
HE CAN'T FIND THE CROWN HIMSELF. HE'S FIXATED ON KILLING YOU TO GET IT BACK.
THEN WHAT CAN WE DO!?
WE HAVE TO PUT IT STRAIGHT INTO HIS HANDS...
!!

DAMN IT!
WHAM
CRASH
BAM!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET IT INTO HIS HANDS WHEN HE'S ATTACKING US LIKE THIS...
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!! TAKE THE WHEEL!!
HEY! WAIT...
BA
NG

CLANG
!!

BANG BANG BANG
BANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
!!
!!
GOOD ONE! KISHIROU ...

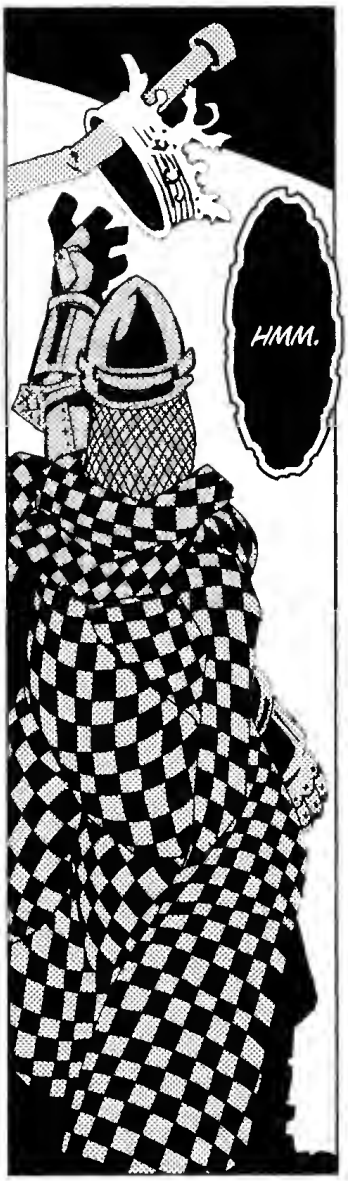
YOUR DRIVING HAS IMPROVED ...
YOU CRASHED IT WITHOUT KILLING US...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, MCCOY...?
SLASH
SLASH
I'VE GOT A PLAN.
WHAT KIND OF PLAN!?
CLASH!

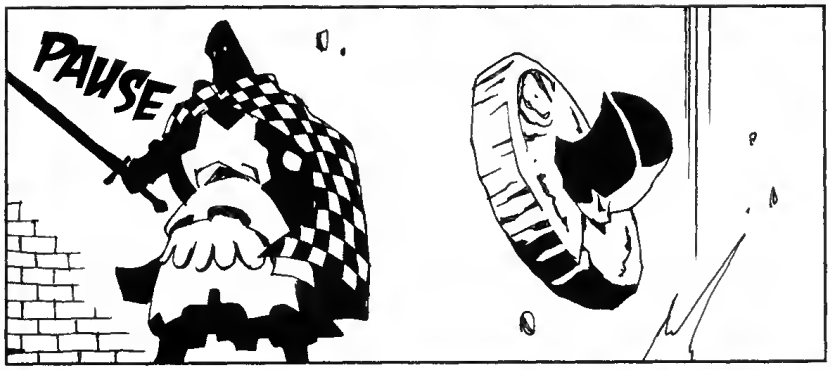
SLASH
SLASH
SLASH
SLASH
SLASH
Y-
YOU CAN'T DO THAT ...
IT'S TOO RECKLESS!!
KISHIROU, DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT MYSELF.

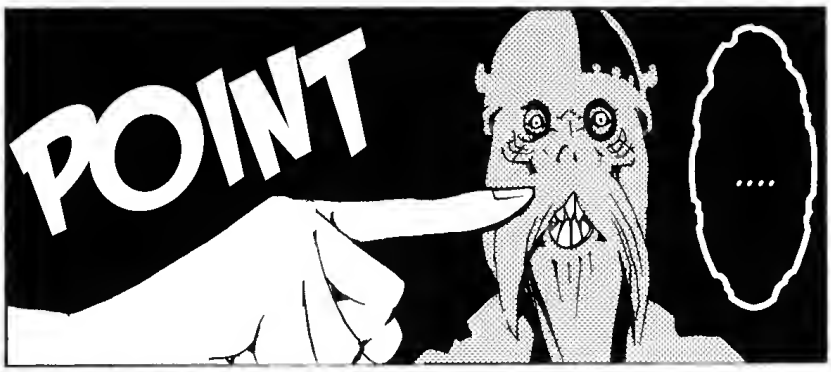
IN THIS TOWN
WHAT I DO DOESN'T EVEN QUALIFY AS RECKLESS.
SLASH
SLASH
SLASH
SLASH
SLASH
IF I CAN JUST GET THE TIMING RIGHT...
NOW.
SQUEEZE

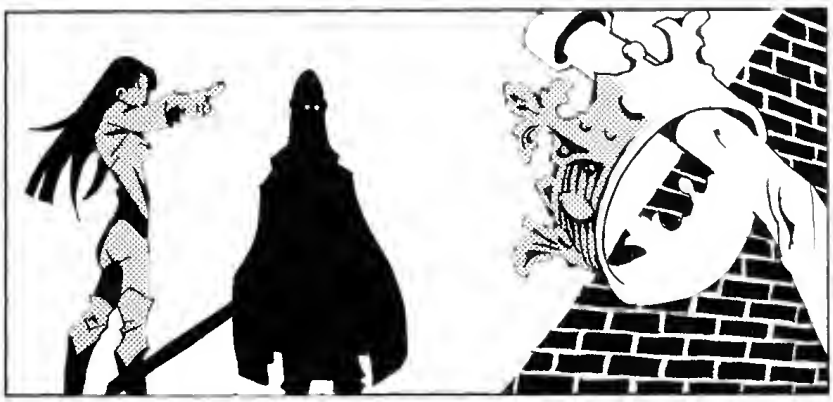
WAIT.
WHAT?
TWITCH
!?
GO NOW.
BANG

PING


HMM.


PAUSE


POINT
....


AH

T
SHEATH
I'M WEARY.
SLA
SH
CRACK

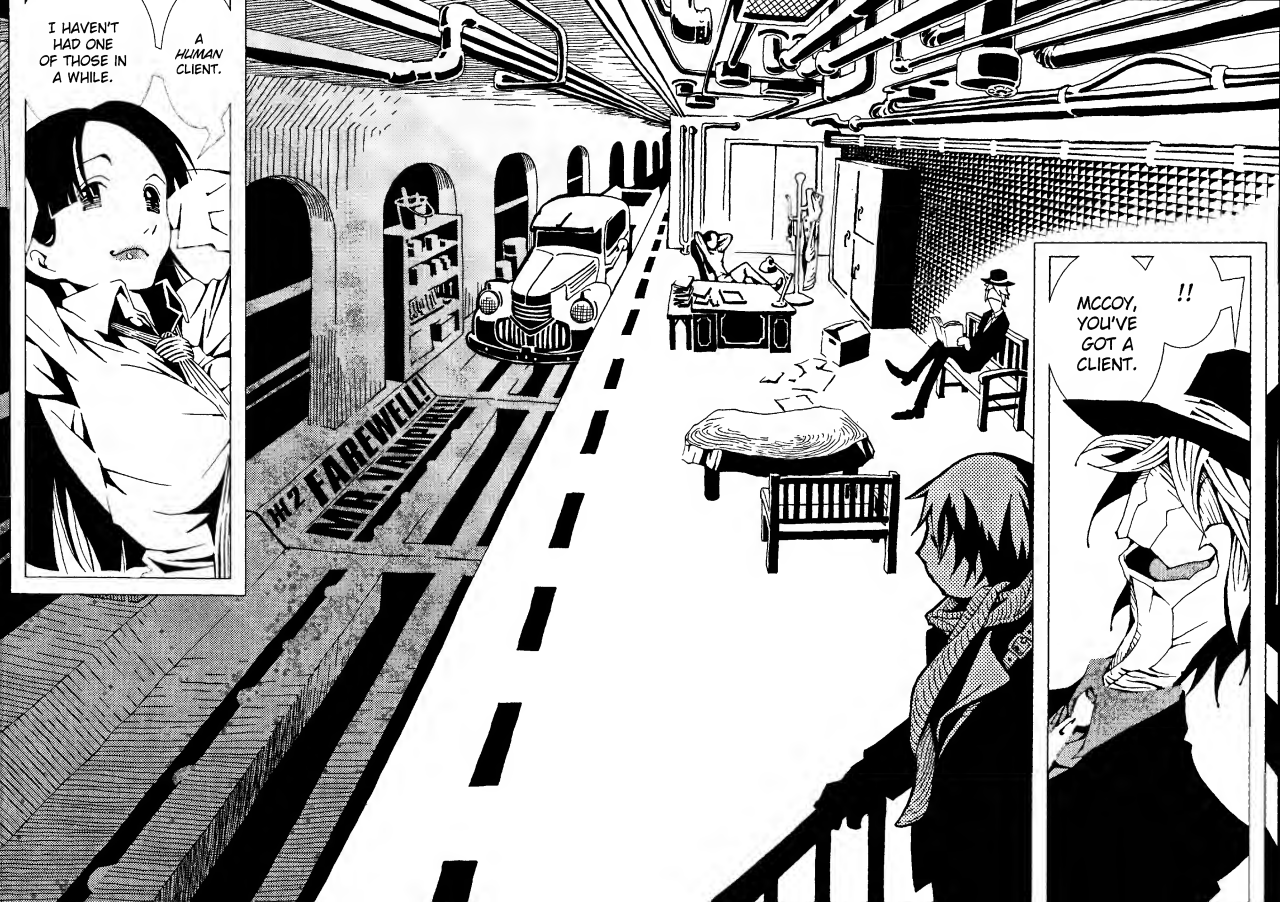
This is Area 51.
WHOOSH!
But that voice just now...
.....
Well, it can wait, right?
A place where anything can happen.
....
WHAT'S WRONG?

DEL TORO

THE BOSS OF M(COY'S FAVOURITE BAKERY. HE'S PAN, A GOD FROM THE GREEK PANTHEON, WITH THE LOWER HALF AND HORNS OF A GOAT. HE'S PAN SO HE HAS A PAN (BREAD) SHOP.

エリア51

#2 FAREWELL! MR.VAMPIRE!!


I HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THOSE IN A WHILE.
A HUMAN CLIENT.
FAREWELL!!
MR. JAMES
MCCOY, YOU'VE GOT A CLIENT.
!!

JUST THINK ABOUT THE BEINGS WHO INHABIT AREA 51.
THEY'RE NOT THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU'D SEE ON A TRAIN.
NEO SHIBUSHI
THEY ABANDONED IT BEFORE IT WAS COMPLETED, AND THEN I TOOK IT OVER.
WHY WERE THE PLANS ABANDONED?
OR IT WOULD HAVE BEEN.
AN UNDER-GROUND RAILWAY.
WHAT... IS THIS PLACE?
FLATWOOD 3
THE SKYFISH & CHIPS
ICICOT
LOCH Ness CAFE
UFO
Othman BURGER
24 OPEN
Majestic 12
OPEN
THAT WAS THE GOAL OF THE TOP SECRET PROJECT "51" -
THE NON-HUMANS ARE KEPT AWAY FROM HUMAN SOCIETY WITH-OUT PEOPLE KNOWING,
AND THIS IS A REMNANT OF THE EARLY STAGES OF THAT POLICY.
DAMPENING THEIR POWERS BUT LETTING THEM LEAD A HUMAN-LIKE EXISTENCE.
SO,
WHAT CASE HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME?

DO YOU KNOW A MAN
CALLED BEBE?
!!
YEAH.
THEN I'M SURE YOU ALSO KNOW THE PLACE HE RUNS, TOO.
I WANT TO GO THERE,
AND I WANT YOU TO GET ME IN.
YOU'RE HUMAN, RIGHT?
WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU WANT TO GO THERE?
WHAT? WHAT? WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
BEBE'S A VAMPIRE.

Vampires
Immortals who are prevalent all over the world and suck blood.
Those who have had their blood sucked by a vampire become a vampire.
Their soul becomes enslaved to the master who bit them.
BEBE MAKES THE WOMEN HE'S CHANGED WORK AT HIS BROTHEL AS WHORES.
IT'S A DEVIANT PLACE THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANY RULES; BECAUSE THE GIRLS' IMMORTAL BODIES WILL HEAL ANY DAMAGE, THE CLIENTELE ARE ALLOWED TO BREAK THEM HOWEVER THEY LIKE.

PLEASE!!
GEEZ, KID, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR GOD DAMN MIND?
RATTLE
WE'RE NOT PIMPS.
WE CAN'T HELP YOU, THIS IS A DETECTIVE AGENCY.
THERE'S A HEAP OF CLIENTS IN THIS TOWN THAT COULD DO A LOT OF HARM TO A NORMAL BODY.
GLANCE
PLEASE!! IF IT'S MONEY YOU WANT...
NO!
LEAP

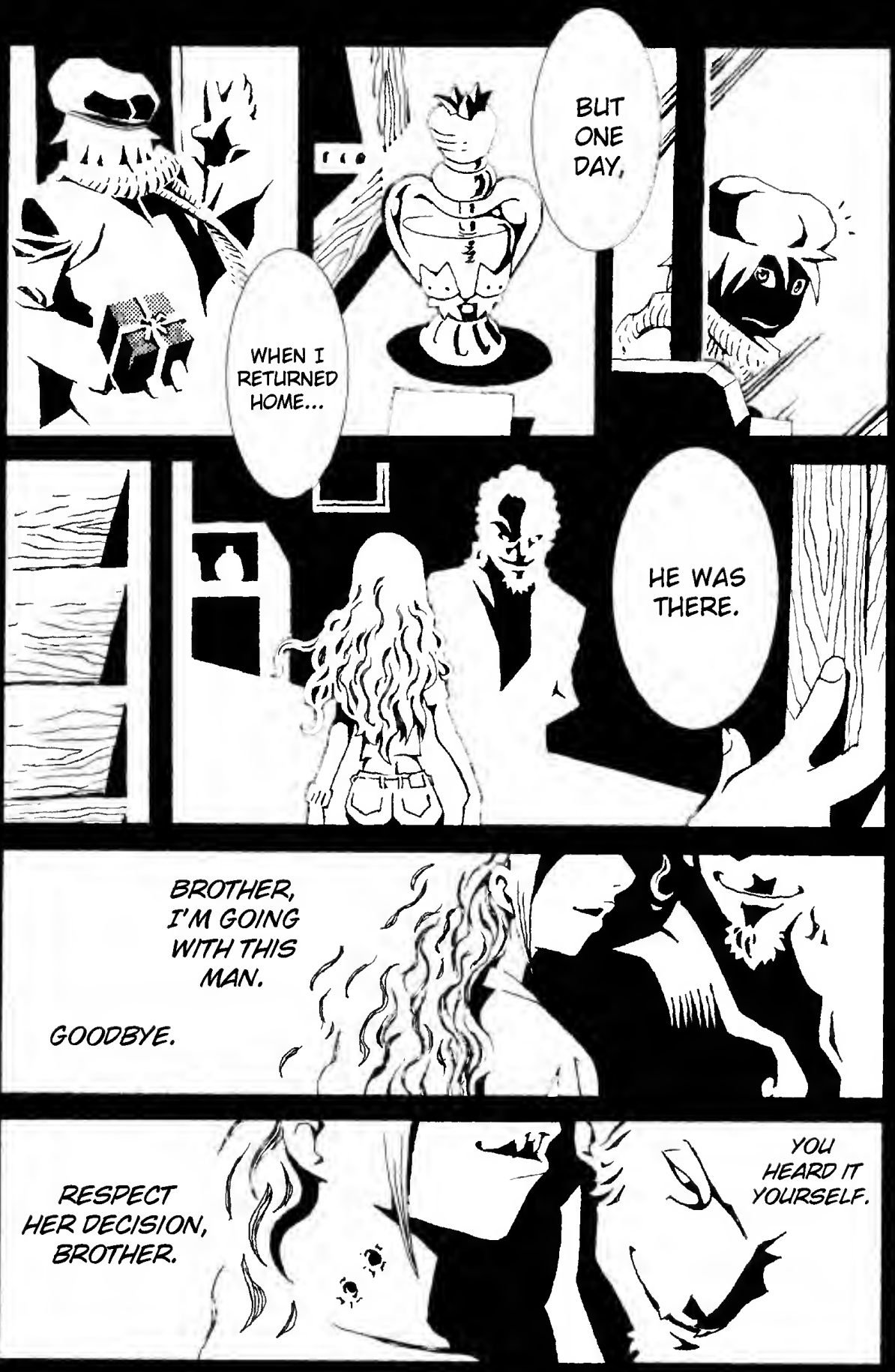
PLEASE!! I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME L...
EFT...
WHACK

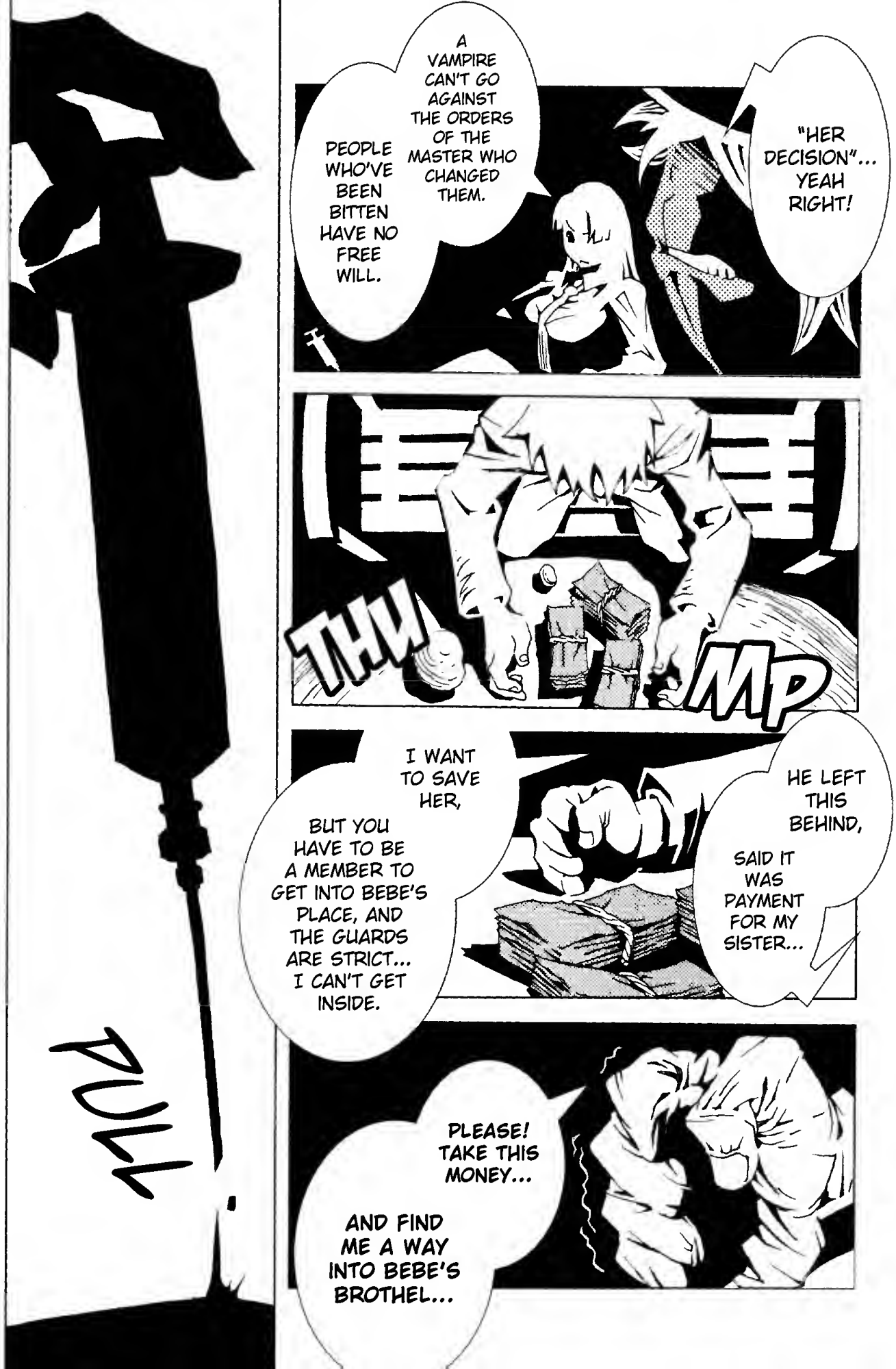
DON'T TOUCH MY GUN.
!!
SHAKE

KISHIRO! LOOK IN HIS BAG!
HUH!?
O-OKAY!!
YANK
CLATTER
WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
YOU...
SWIRL

A NEVER CHILD?
YEAH.
WHEN THEY CAN'T EXIST IN THE SURFACE WORLD ANYMORE, THEIR PRESENCE THERE IS ERASED AND THEY'RE BROUGHT HERE.
HUMANS LIVE IN THIS TOWN, TOO.
SO SOME OF THOSE ORIGINAL HUMANS HAVE PAIRED UP AND HAD KIDS.
THIS TOWN HAS BEEN HERE A LONG TIME,
OH, LIKE YOU, MC - ER, DON'T WORRY, JUST TALKING TO MYSELF...
YOU'RE A NEVER CHILD, RIGHT?
THOSE ARE THE NEVER CHILDREN.
BEINGS THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST BEING BORN FROM HUMANS WHO SHOULDN'T EXIST IN A TOWN THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST -

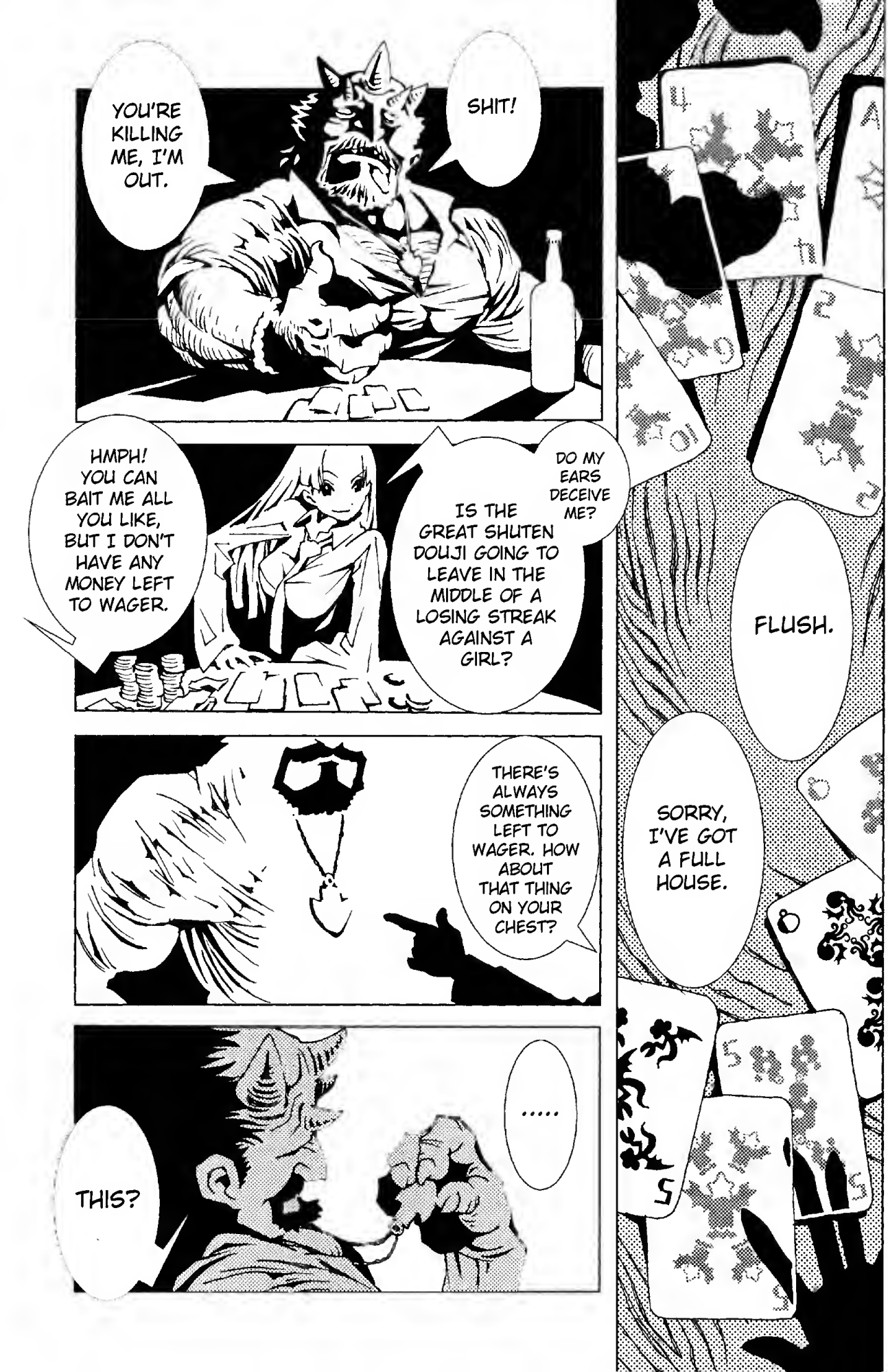
THIS KID'S ONE OF THEM.
MY PARENTS DIED 5 YEARS AGO.
I WAS 13,
MY SISTER WAS 10.
SISTER?
I DID WHATEVER IT TOOK TO KEEP MY SISTER ALIVE,
BUT I THINK IT WAS ACTUALLY THE OPPOSITE.
LIVING IN THIS PLACE THAT'S FILLED WITH ACTUAL, REAL MONSTERS.
MY SISTER BEING THERE GAVE ME THE STRENGTH I NEEDED TO DO WHAT IT TOOK TO SURVIVE.
I WOULDN'T BE ALIVE WITHOUT HER.

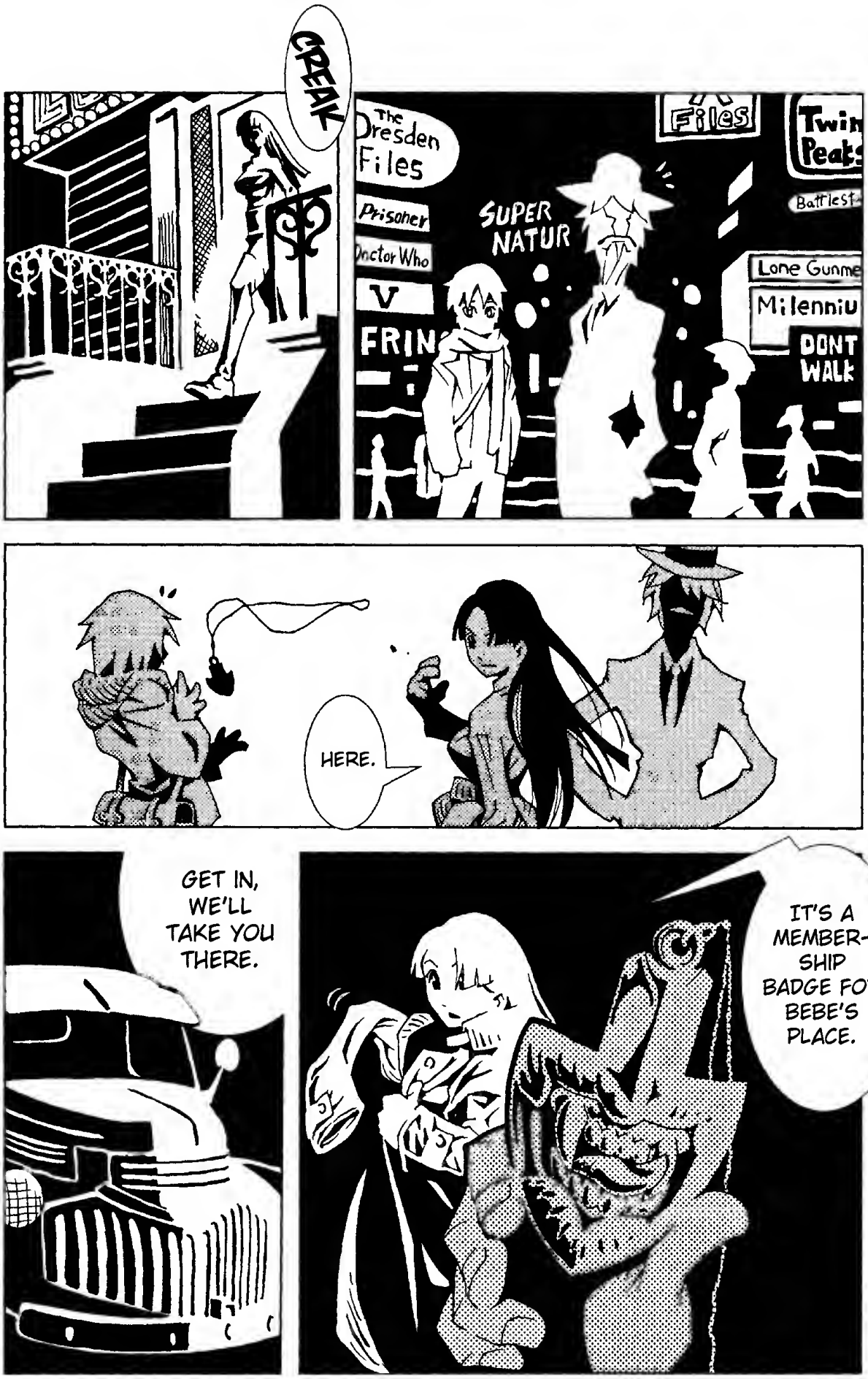

BUT ONE DAY,
WHEN I RETURNED HOME...
HE WAS THERE.
BROTHER, I'M GOING WITH THIS MAN.
GOODBYE.
RESPECT HER DECISION, BROTHER.
YOU HEARD IT YOURSELF.


A VAMPIRE CAN'T GO AGAINST THE ORDERS OF THE MASTER WHO CHANGED THEM.
PEOPLE WHO'VE BEEN BITTEN HAVE NO FREE WILL.
"HER DECISION"... YEAH RIGHT!
THW
MP
I WANT TO SAVE HER,
BUT YOU HAVE TO BE A MEMBER TO GET INTO BEBE'S PLACE, AND THE GUARDS ARE STRICT... I CAN'T GET INSIDE.
HE LEFT THIS BEHIND,
SAID IT WAS PAYMENT FOR MY SISTER...
PLEASE! TAKE THIS MONEY...
AND FIND ME A WAY INTO BEBE'S BROTHEL...
ACT 1

.....
YES.
I'VE LEARNT EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRES ...
YOU...
KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, DON'T YOU?

OKAY,
I'LL TAKE YOUR CASE.
?
?
.....


SHIT!
YOU'RE KILLING ME, I'M OUT.
DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME?
IS THE GREAT SHUTEN DOUJI GOING TO LEAVE IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOSING STREAK AGAINST A GIRL?
HMPH! YOU CAN BAIT ME ALL YOU LIKE, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT TO WAGER.
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING LEFT TO WAGER. HOW ABOUT THAT THING ON YOUR CHEST?
.....
THIS?
FLUSH.
SORRY, I'VE GOT A FULL HOUSE.

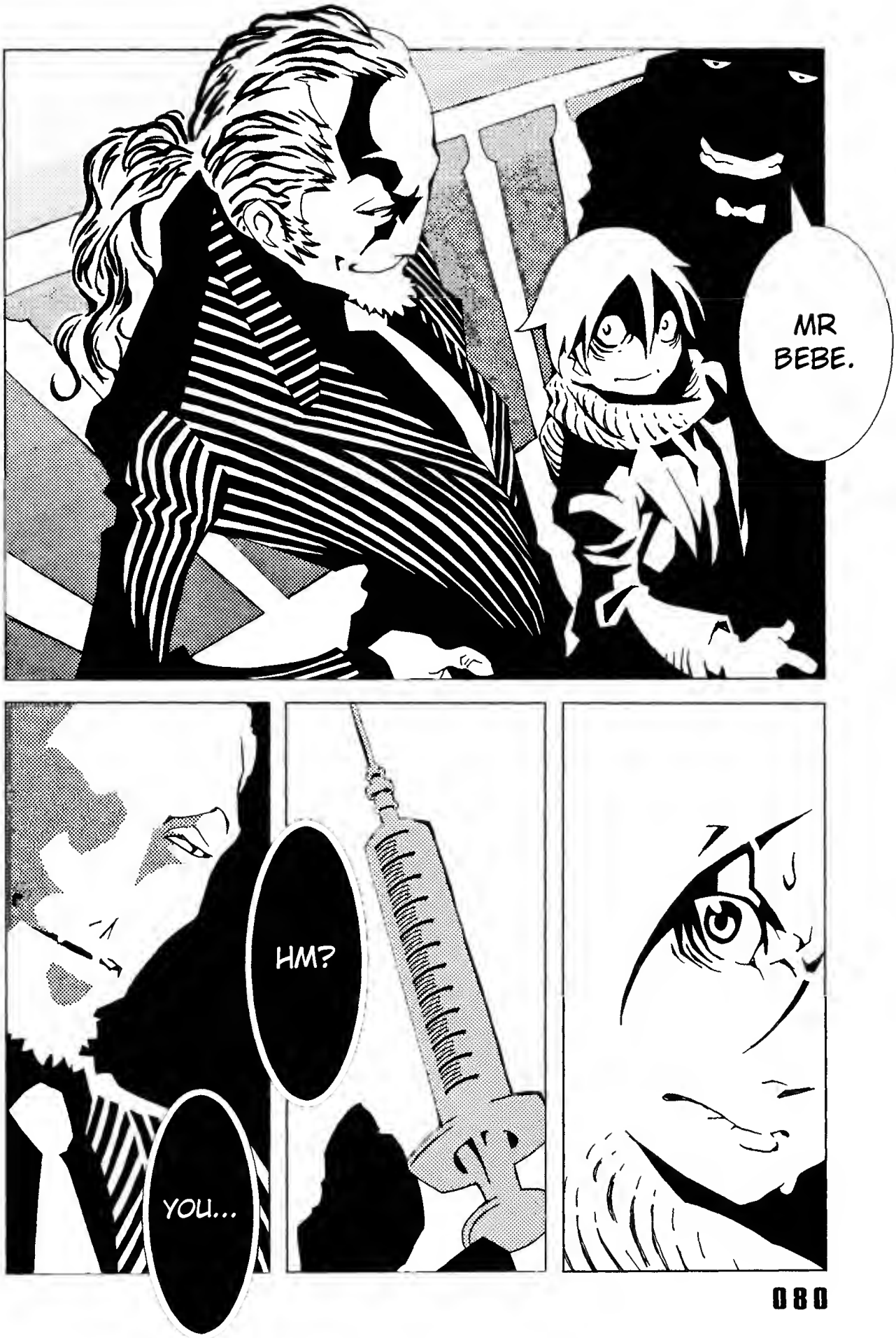

CREAK
The Dresden Files
Prisoner
Doctor Who
V
FRIN
SUPER NATUR
Files
Twin Peak
Battlest
Lone Gunme
Milenniu
DONT WALK
HERE.
GET IN, WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE.
IT'S A MEMBER-SHIP BADGE FOR BEBE'S PLACE.

THIRD FLOOR, UP THE BACK.
OKAY.
CLACK
THANK YOU FOR EVERY-THING, MISS MCCOY.
Stoker BLD
Låt den rätte komma in
Innocent Blood
14
Night Watch
I Am Legend
Twins Effect
Queen Of Damned
Lifeforce Bar
BLADE
KAMITSUKITAI
D

SLAM
JANGLE
BEBE
BEBE's
gentlemen
House
SIR,
I'M OBLIGED TO CARRY OUT A HAND LUGGAGE INSPECTION.
SURE.

I'LL LOOK AFTER THAT RING FOR YOU,
MR JERSEY DEVIL.
IT'S SILVER, RIGHT?
THE GIRLS HERE ARE ALL VAMPIRES - THEY'RE NOT TOO FOND OF SILVER.
TANGLE
OKAY,
NEXT.

HOW'D A HUMAN BRAT GET ONE OF THESE? ...IT'S THE REAL THING THOUGH.
OPEN YOUR BAG, TOO.
HMPH.
WHAT'RE THESE?
CLATTER
....
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER?
!!


MR BEBE.
HM?
YOU...

YOU'RE A HUMAN, HUH? DON'T SEE MANY OF YOUR TYPE HERE.
I BET YOU DON'T WANT TO WASTE A SINGLE MOMENT OF YOUR TIME WITH AN IMMORTAL, HUH?
BUT YOU NEED A BIT OF INJECTABLE HELP TO LAST THE DISTANCE.
I SEE, HAHAHA!
LET THE BOY HAVE HIS FUN. COME ON IN.
SO,
WHICH GIRL DO YOU WANT?
WELL? WHAT WILL IT BE, BOY?

CREAK

CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
ELLIE.

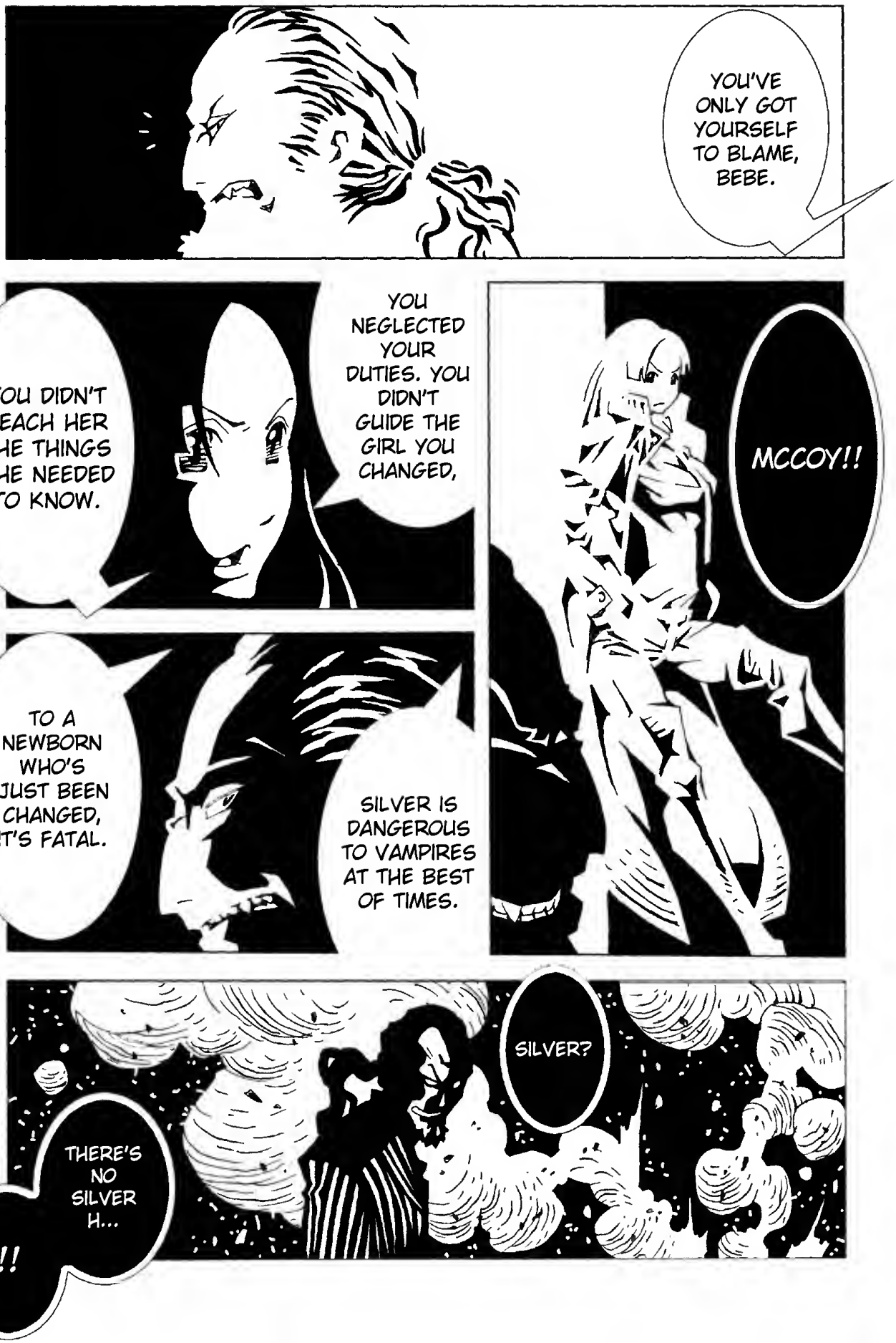
IF YOU GET BITTEN, YOU'LL CHANGE.
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SLAVE TO A WHORE, DO YOU?
DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE, TAKE OFF HER GAG.
....
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
REACH

BUT BEBE IS AN ELDER, IT'S BEEN CENTURIES SINCE HE WAS CHANGED.
KILLING AN ELDER -
WHO KNOWS.
I WONDER IF IT'S GOING WELL...
WHAT'S WRONG?
TO FREE A VAMPIRE FROM ITS MASTER'S CONTROL
YOU HAVE TO DESTROY THE MASTER.
....

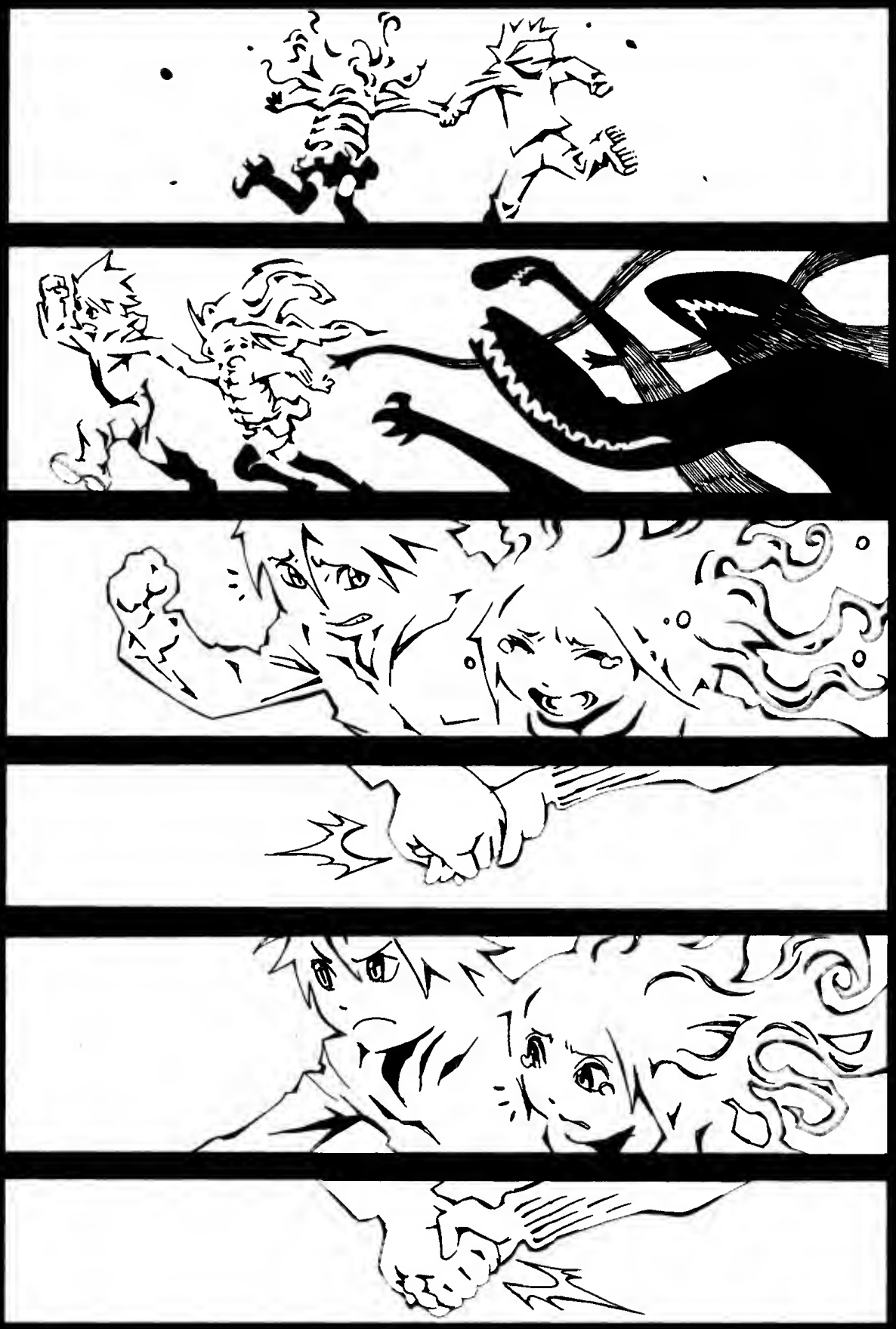
NO HUMAN COULD EVER DO IT.
NOT ME... NOT EVEN BRUCE LEE OR FEDOR EMELIAN-ENKO.
EVEN YOUR AVERAGE MONSTER WOULD HAVE NO HOPE.
WHAT!? BUT HE SAID HE WANTED TO SAVE HIS SISTER...
HE DOES.
HE UNDER-STANDS WHAT THAT MEANS.
HE KNOWS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
GF
GUH
TO SAVE HER.
POOR ELLIE.
I BET YOU'RE HUNGRY.

AAAA

SLAM
AH ARGH
!!
YOU!! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY MERCHANDISE !!?


YOU'VE ONLY GOT YOURSELF TO BLAME, BEBE.
YOU NEGLECTED YOUR DUTIES. YOU DIDN'T GUIDE THE GIRL YOU CHANGED,
YOU DIDN'T TEACH HER THE THINGS SHE NEEDED TO KNOW.
MCCOY!!
SILVER IS DANGEROUS TO VAMPIRES AT THE BEST OF TIMES.
TO A NEWBORN WHO'S JUST BEEN CHANGED, IT'S FATAL.
SILVER?
THERE'S NO SILVER H...
!!

THIS MUCH ...!?
THIS BRAT SMUGGLED SILVER IN IN HIS BLOOD RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES...
NO, IT COULDN'T BE...
IF SHE DRANK THAT BLOOD...
NO, EVEN JUST HAVING HIS BODY NEAR HERS...



I REALLY HAVE OVER-CHARGED YOU FOR THIS ONE...
SO...
MCCOY?
YEAH?
THEN CAN I ASK YOU TO DO ONE MORE THING FOR ME...?
PLEASE PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY.
MY BODY'S AT ITS LIMIT...
THE PAIN IS UNBEAR-ABLE...
OKAY...
I'LL DO IT.

THIS BOY IS OURS!! GIVE HIM TO US AND WE'LL FORGET THI...
THAT'S NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE, YOU LOWLY HUMAN!!
BANG
SPLAT
WHOOSH
Steeaam

FAREWELL,
MISTER VAMPIRE.
GA
GRA
H
MY FACE!
IT'S ON FIRE!
SLAM
ER
KA

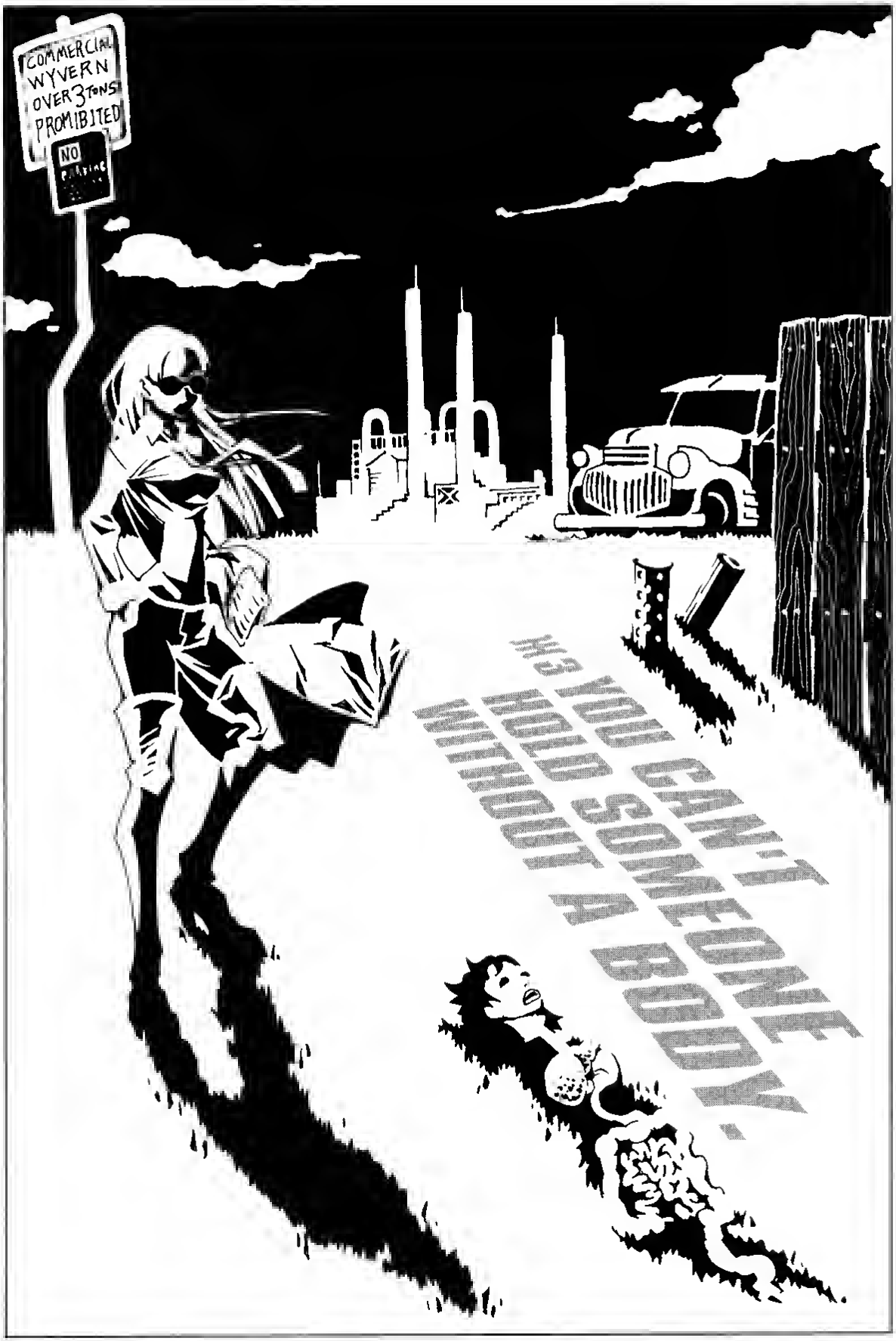
SHUTEN DOUJI

THE WORST DEMON IN ALL OF JAPANESE HISTORY. HE WOULD KIDNAP THE DAUGHTERS OF NOBLE FAMILIES, SLICE THEM UP WHILE THEY WERE STILL ALIVE AND EAT THEM. YOU CAN TELL WHAT KIND OF PLACE BEBE'S IS JUST BY THE FACT HE FREQUENTS IT.

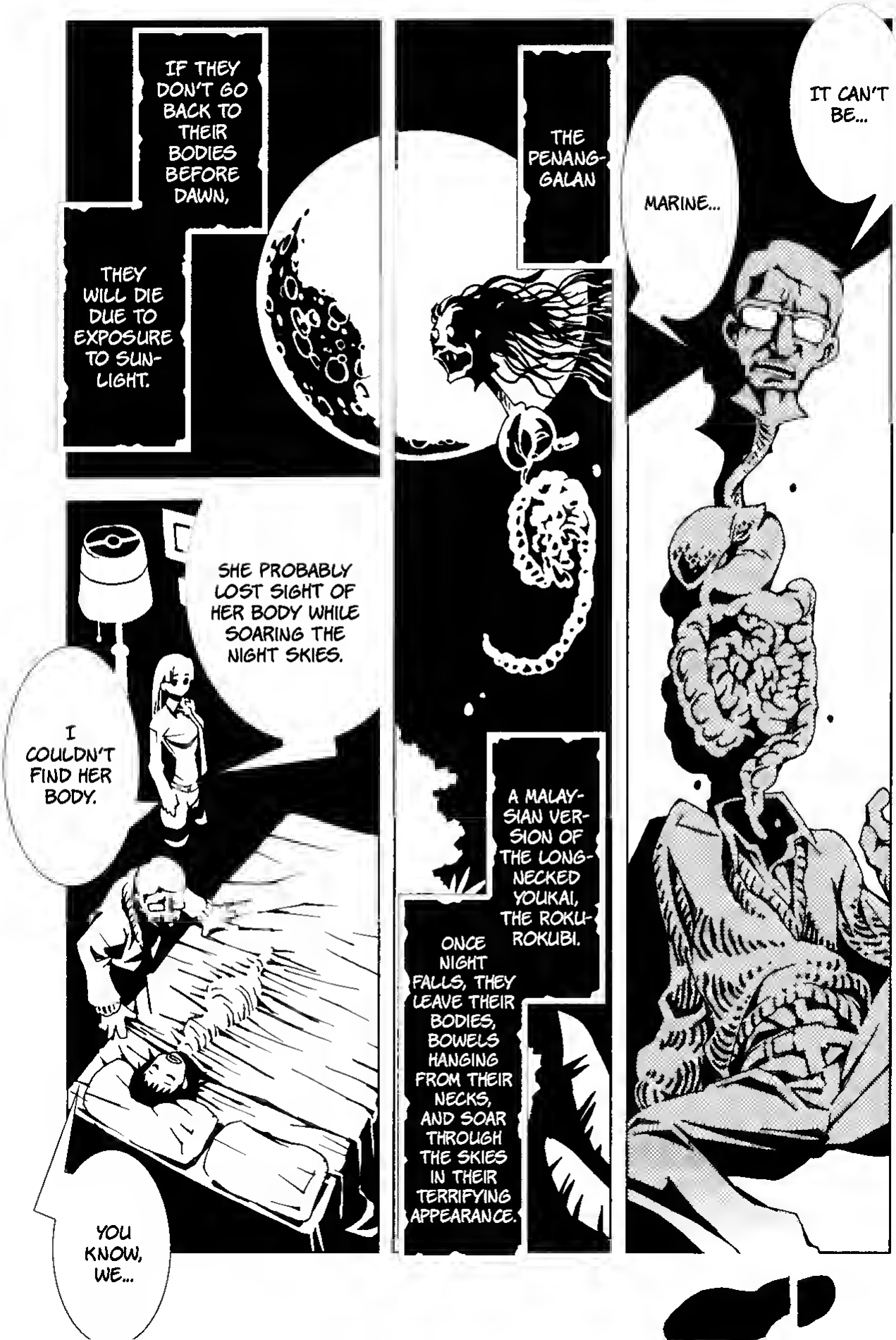
エリア51

This clusterfuck of Twisted souls is almost dead, we need new souls for Hel, so join!
Twisted Hel Scans
NEEDS YOU
Join us at
#hel@irc.irchighway.net
or email us at
twistedhel@gmail.com

YOU CAN'T
HOLD SOMEONE
WITHOUT A BODY.


COMMERCIAL WYVERN OVER 3 TONS PROHIBITED
NO
YOU CAN'T HOLD SOMEONE WITHOUT A BODY.

CREAK
IT CAN'T BE...
YOUR WIFE.
SLUMP
WHEN I FOUND HER, IT WAS ALREADY...


IF THEY DON'T GO BACK TO THEIR BODIES BEFORE DAWN,
THEY WILL DIE DUE TO EXPOSURE TO SUN-LIGHT.
THE PENANG-GALAN
A MALAY-SIAN VER-SION OF THE LONG-NECKED YOUKAI, THE ROKU-ROKUBI.
ONCE NIGHT FALLS, THEY LEAVE THEIR BODIES, BOWELS HANGING FROM THEIR NECKS, AND SOAR THROUGH THE SKIES IN THEIR TERRIFYING APPEARANCE.
IT CAN'T BE...
MARINE...
SHE PROBABLY LOST SIGHT OF HER BODY WHILE SOARING THE NIGHT SKIES.
I COULDN'T FIND HER BODY.
YOU KNOW, WE...

BEING DETESTED INTENSELY BECAUSE OF IT... IS JUST...
BECAUSE OUR ANCESTORS DID SOME AWFUL THINGS...
WE CAN'T STAND THIS ABOMINABLE APPEARANCE OF OURS.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
EVEN THOUGH I LOVED HER...
BUT YOU KNOW... AT THE VERY LEAST I WANTED TO BURY HER LIKE A HUMAN BEING...
CLENCH
I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT...
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME I HELD YOU...?

ANOTHER ONE.
WAIT A SECOND... MCCOY.
YOU DRANK TOO MUCH ALREADY.
WHAT'RE YOU ACTING UP FOR?
I'M NOT ACTING UP OR ANYTHING!
WILD
PHOENI
~120~
HANGY
JIN
SINCE
-1954-

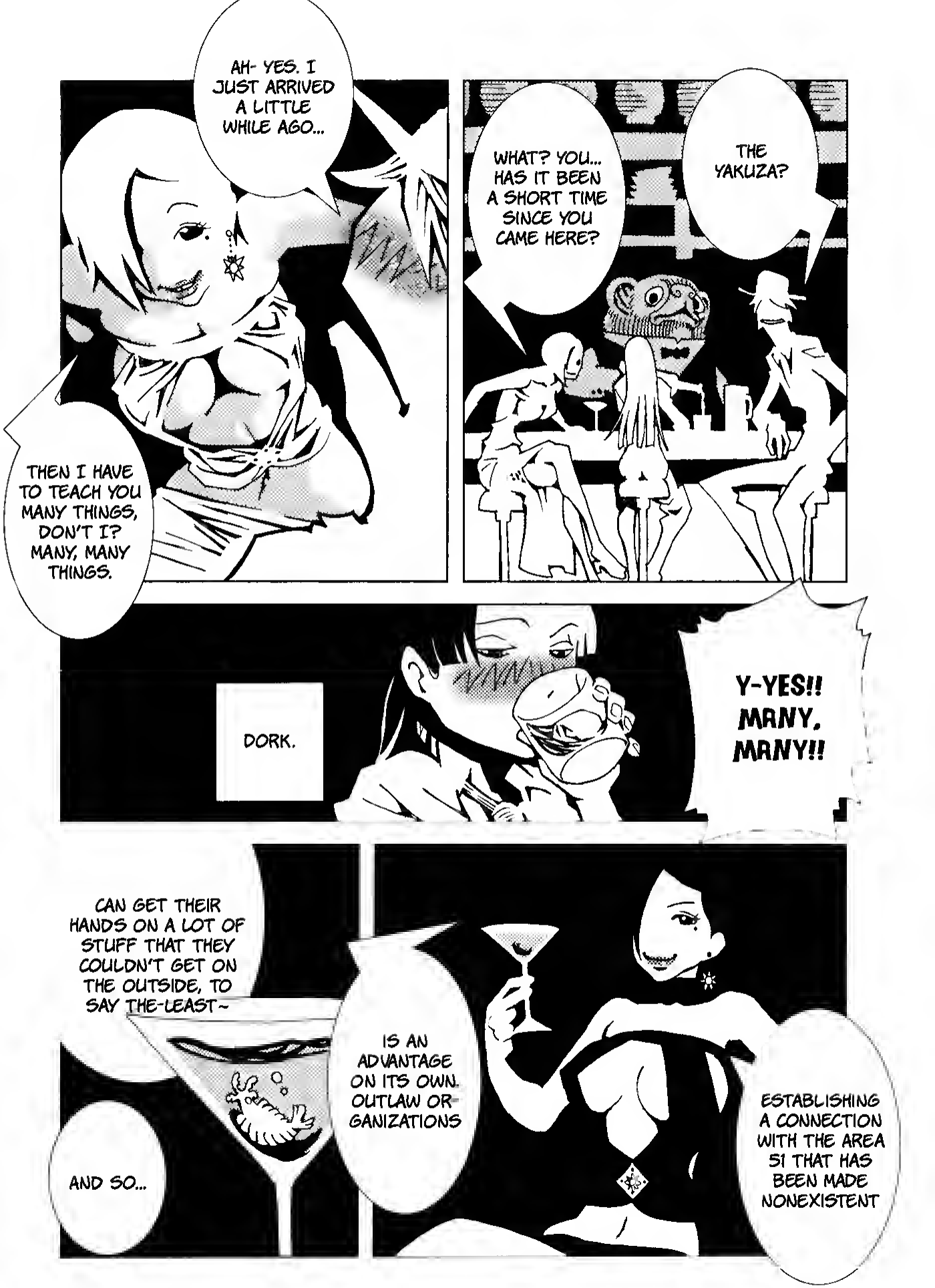
I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S NOT THAT!!
STOP FUSSING ABOUT WEIRD SHIT! YOU'LL MAKE THE ALCOHOL TASTE BAD!!
CLACK
THE WIFE.
IS IT ABOUT THIS MORNING? BUT SHE PASSED AWAY BY THE TIME THE REQUEST HAD ALREADY COME TO MCCOY'S, DIDN'T SHE?
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE RESPONSI-BLE OR-
CLINK
DON'T WAVE THAT THING AROUND.
YOU'LL MAKE THE ALCOHOL TASTE BAD~

WHAT'S MORE, THE GUN OF THAT DEAD MAN.
YOU'RE STILL USING IT?
EH?
SHADDUP. THAT'S FOR ME TO DECIDE.
I'M THE ONE WHO DECIDES WHO GETS SHOT.

I LEARNED ABOUT IT IN SCHOOL.
OR DIDN'T I TELL YOU ABOUT MY DAD?
THERE'S NOTHING GOOD ABOUT CLINGING TO THE DEAD,
EHEM...
WHO'S THAT?
Yep.
THE GREAT GODDESS, MS. AMA-TERASU.
TS/N The Goddess of the sun is hot as fuck Makes sense
.....
ALTHOUGH SHE IS THE SUN GODDESS, SHE STANDS AS THE SU-PREME BEING IN JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.
AMA-TERASU
EHHH!?

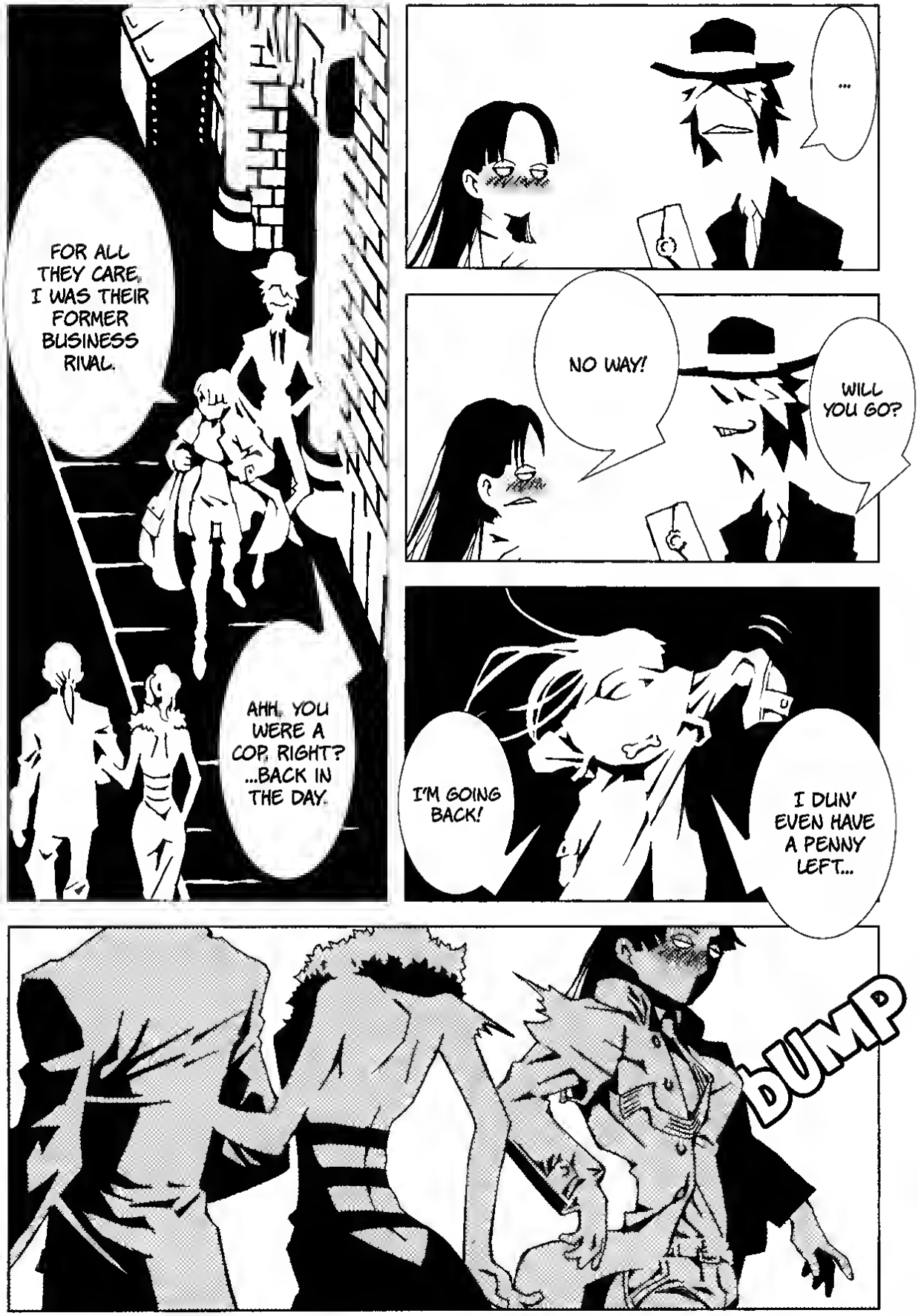
HEY MCCOY,
ABOUT THAT PLACE ACROSS THE STREET~
Gelvamdan
WHAT ABOUT IT?
A LOT OF UNUSUAL HUMANS ARE GATHERING, SO~
THEY'RE HAVING A PARTY RIGHT NOW...
THE TRUTH IS THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO GOT CALLED IN, BUT...
THEY'RE JUST BEING SUPERSTI-TIOUS, YOU KNOW?
HOW ABOUT YOU GO OVER THERE AND GET YOURSELF A NEW MAN OR SOMETHING?
HUHH!?

THEY?
THE JAPANESE MAFIA, THE YAKUZA.
SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR TOP BRASS CHANGING AND WHATNOT.


AH- YES. I JUST ARRIVED A LITTLE WHILE AGO...
THEN I HAVE TO TEACH YOU MANY THINGS, DON'T I? MANY, MANY THINGS.
WHAT? YOU... HAS IT BEEN A SHORT TIME SINCE YOU CAME HERE?
THE YAKUZA?
DORK.
Y-YES!! MANY, MANY!!
CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON A LOT OF STUFF THAT THEY COULDN'T GET ON THE OUTSIDE, TO SAY THE-LEAST~
AND SO...
IS AN ADVANTAGE ON ITS OWN. OUTLAW ORGANIZATIONS
ESTABLISHING A CONNECTION WITH THE AREA 51 THAT HAS BEEN MADE NONEXISTENT

MANY COUNTRIES' ORGANIZATIONS SEND IN THEIR PERSONNEL IN ORDER TO GAIN FOOTHOLDS...
THEIR DISPUTES END UP GETTING FIERCE TOO-

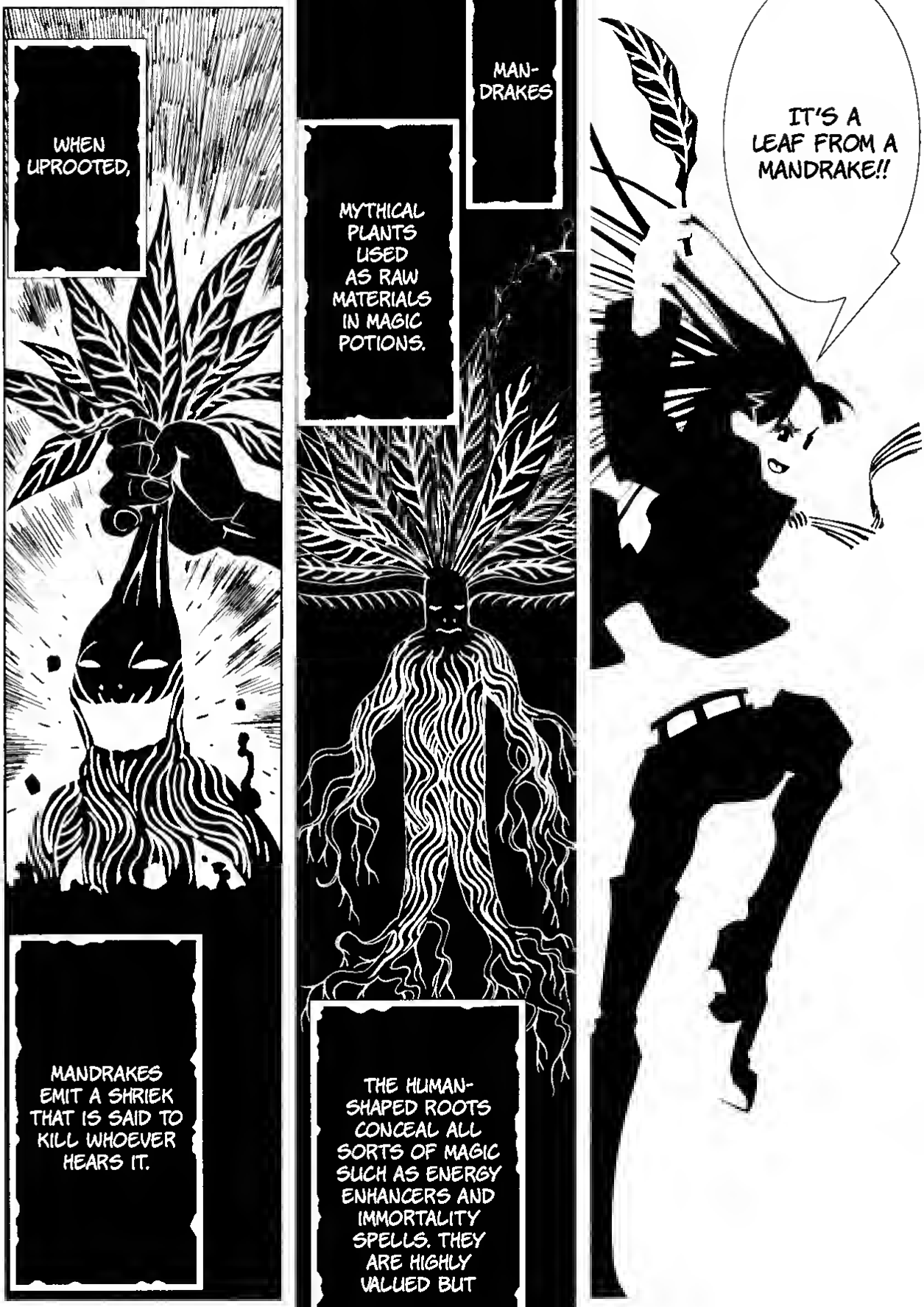
IN THE END, BEING ALONE DOES SUIT ME.
MY BEST REGARDS—
SO,
IT'S A BOTHER, RIGHT?
A REAL BOTHER, YEP.
ISN'T IT? THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD LET MCCOY GO INSTEAD OF ME, HERE'S THE INVITATION.
YES.
AAH!?
HUH?


...
NO WAY!
WILL YOU GO?
I'M GOING BACK!
I DUN' EVEN HAVE A PENNY LEFT...
FOR ALL THEY CARE, I WAS THEIR FORMER BUSINESS RIVAL.
AHH. YOU WERE A COP, RIGHT? ...BACK IN THE DAY.
DUMP

HEY-
DON'T PICK A FIGHT, MCCOY!
HUH?
EXCUSE ME,
FLAP
YOUNG LADY.
THIS LEAF...
RUSTLE

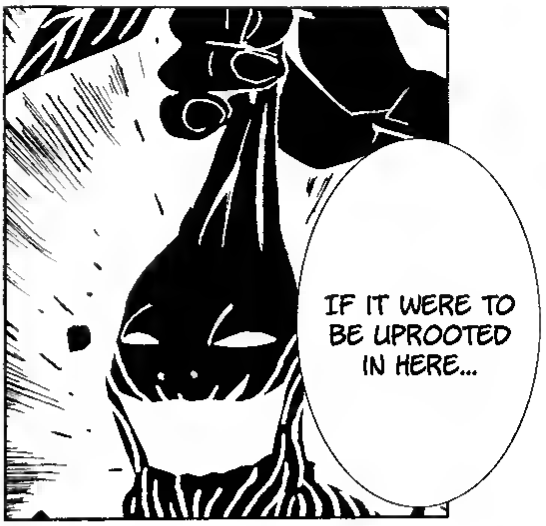
EXCUSE ME,
BUT I WILL CARRY OUT A BODY-CHECK.
...
AHH, SO HE'S A GUEST OF THAT PARTY, HUH?
GLARE

WHAT THE HELL...!?
THIS LEAF.
FETCH IT, QUICK!!
THE INVITA-TION!!
NEVER MIND. I'M GOING! TO THE PARTY!!
EH?


IT'S A LEAF FROM A MANDRAKE!!
MAN-DRAKES
MYTHICAL PLANTS USED AS RAW MATERIALS IN MAGIC POTIONS.
WHEN UPROOTED,
THE HUMAN-SHAPED ROOTS CONCEAL ALL SORTS OF MAGIC SUCH AS ENERGY ENHANCERS AND IMMORTALITY SPELLS. THEY ARE HIGHLY VALUED BUT
MANDRAKES EMIT A SHRIEK THAT IS SAID TO KILL WHOEVER HEARS IT.

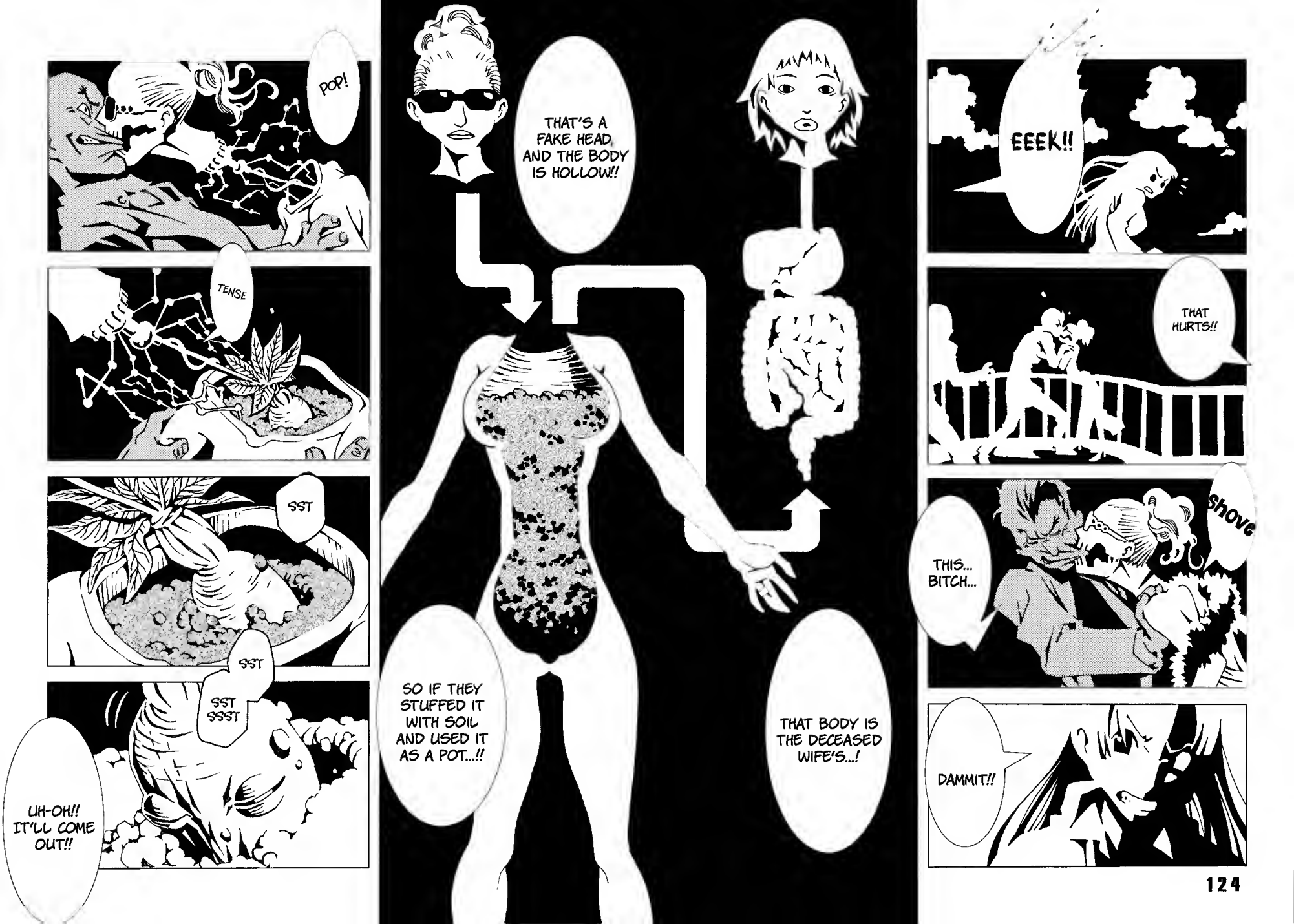
NO, NO!
HEY!!
DON'T GO TOUCHING MY GUN!!
DO YOU REALLY THINK I'LL LET IN A DRUNKARD WITH A GUN!?
BUT MS. AMATERASU'S INVITATION...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT!? HUHH!?
A MANDRAKE HAS BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THIS VENUE!!
THERE ARE FOLKS THAT ARE TARGETING OUR TOP BRASS...!!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M HERE!! WHERE'S THE WOMAN THAT JUST WENT IN!?

FORGET ABOUT THE TOP BRASS, EVERY HUMAN IN THIS PLACE IS GONNA DIE!!


IF IT WERE TO BE UPROOTED IN HERE...

YEAH... THEY WEREN'T CARRYING ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
BUT THOSE TWO UNDERWENT A BODY-CHECK, RIGHT?
THAT WOMAN...
HAD THE SAME RING.
HMMM?

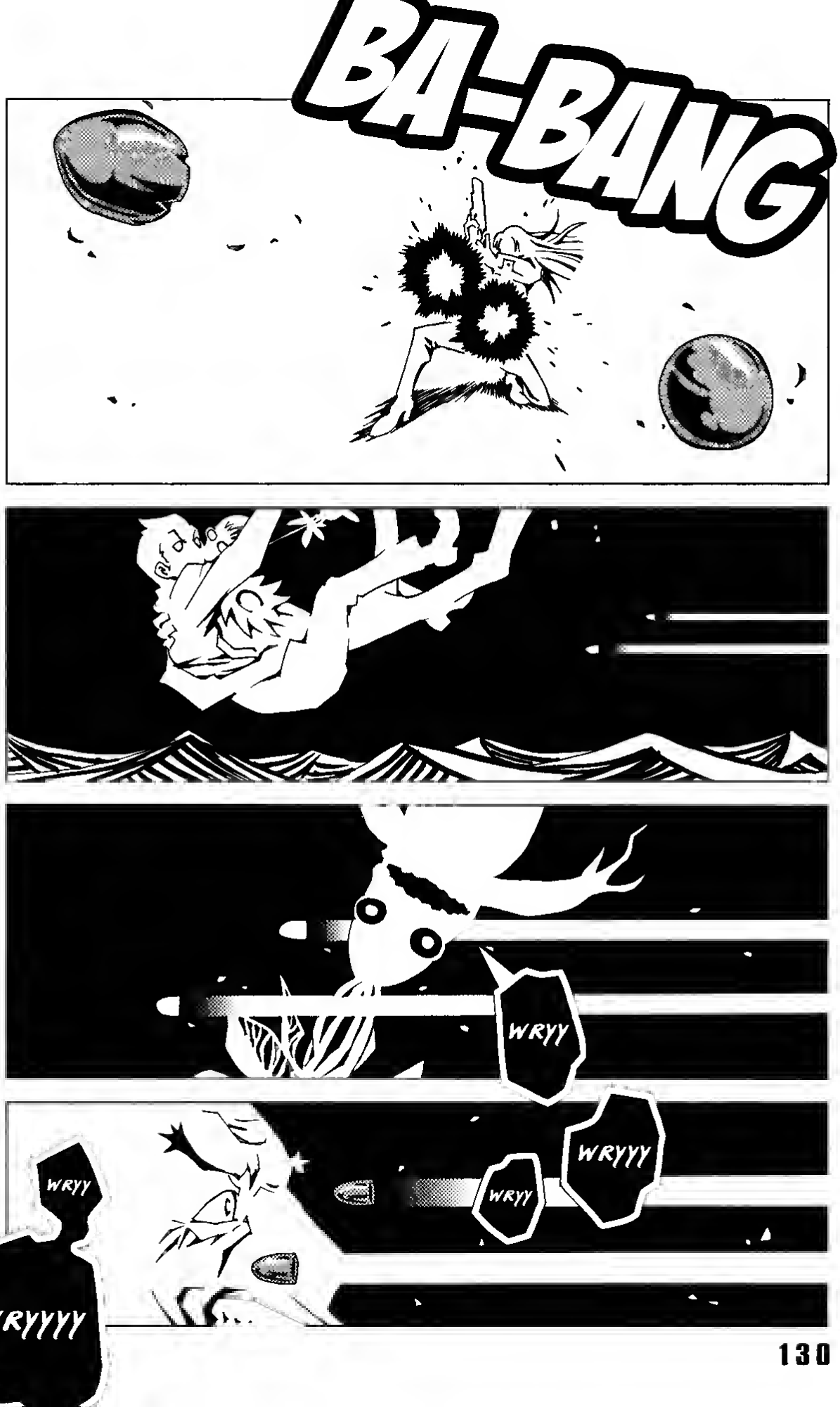
BUT WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT? THIS PLACE IS DAMN FINE.
I HEARD THAT THERE WERE NOTHING BUT MONSTERS HERE.
THE SAME
WEDDING RING AS HIS.
CRACK
CHOMP


POP!
TENSE
SST
SST
SST
SSST
UH-OH!! IT'LL COME OUT!!
THAT'S A FAKE HEAD, AND THE BODY IS HOLLOW!!
SO IF THEY STUFFED IT WITH SOIL AND USED IT AS A POT...!!
THAT BODY IS THE DECEASED WIFE'S...!
EEEK!!
THAT HURTS!!
shove
THIS... BITCH...
DAMMIT!!

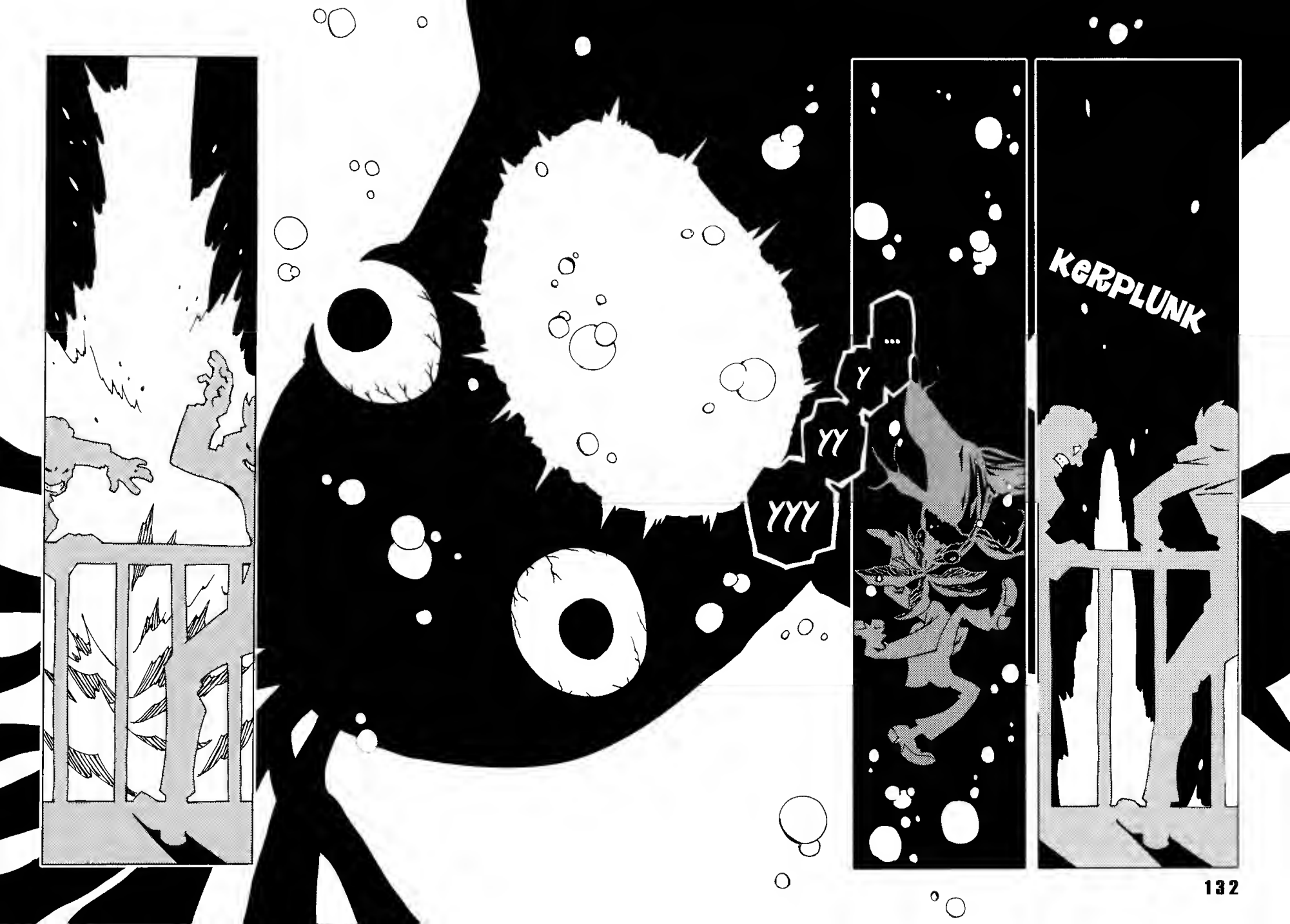
KISHIROU,
!! I SEE!
OKAY, THE EARS ARE TOO. IT JUST MIGHT WORK!
THEY DO SAY KAPPAS' BODIES ARE LIKE SEA TURTLES, RIGHT...?
THEN...
PLEASE,
I DON'T WANT...
THAT BODY TO BE USED FOR KILLING PEOPLE.
GRIN

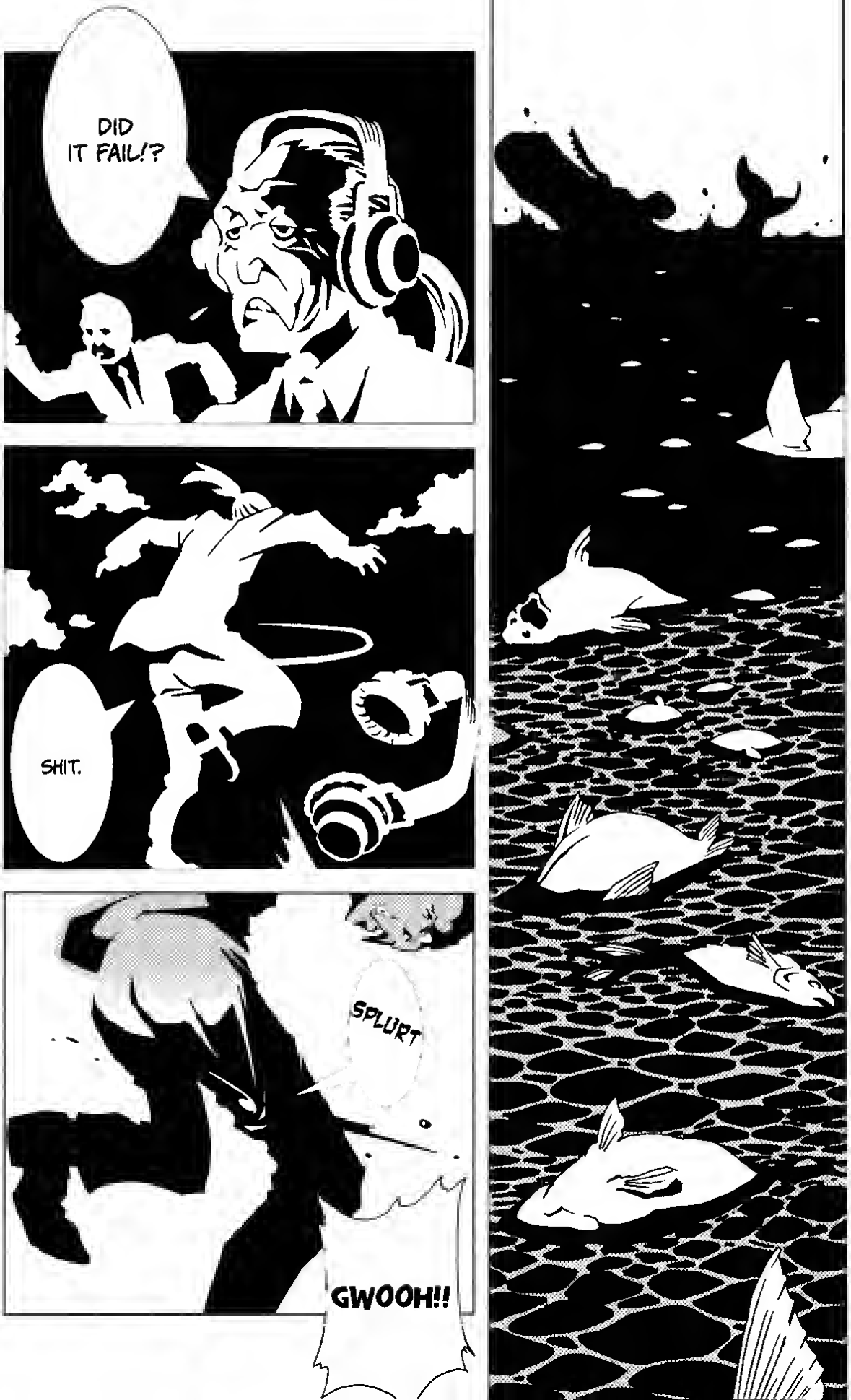
I'LL BE OKAY. BUT DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS EARS!
RUSH
EARS... EARS!!
WHAT SHOULD I...?
HIS EAR-DRUMS, TOKUKO.
!!
GRIT

THUD
RaMS
SCRITCH
MAKE IT!!
IT CAN WAIT, RIGHT!?
WHATEVER!!
THE VOICE JUST NOW...
AGAIN, LIKE THE OTHER DAY...


BA-BANG
WRYY
WRYY
WRYYY
WRYY
WRYYYY

SPLURT
PTOOEY
NICE!!
WRYY
WR-


Y
YY
YYY
KeRPLUNK


DID IT FAIL!?
SHIT.
SPLURT
GWOOH!!

IT'S THAT MAN!!
CATCH HIM!!
KISHIROU!!
...
surface
bLUb
bLUb

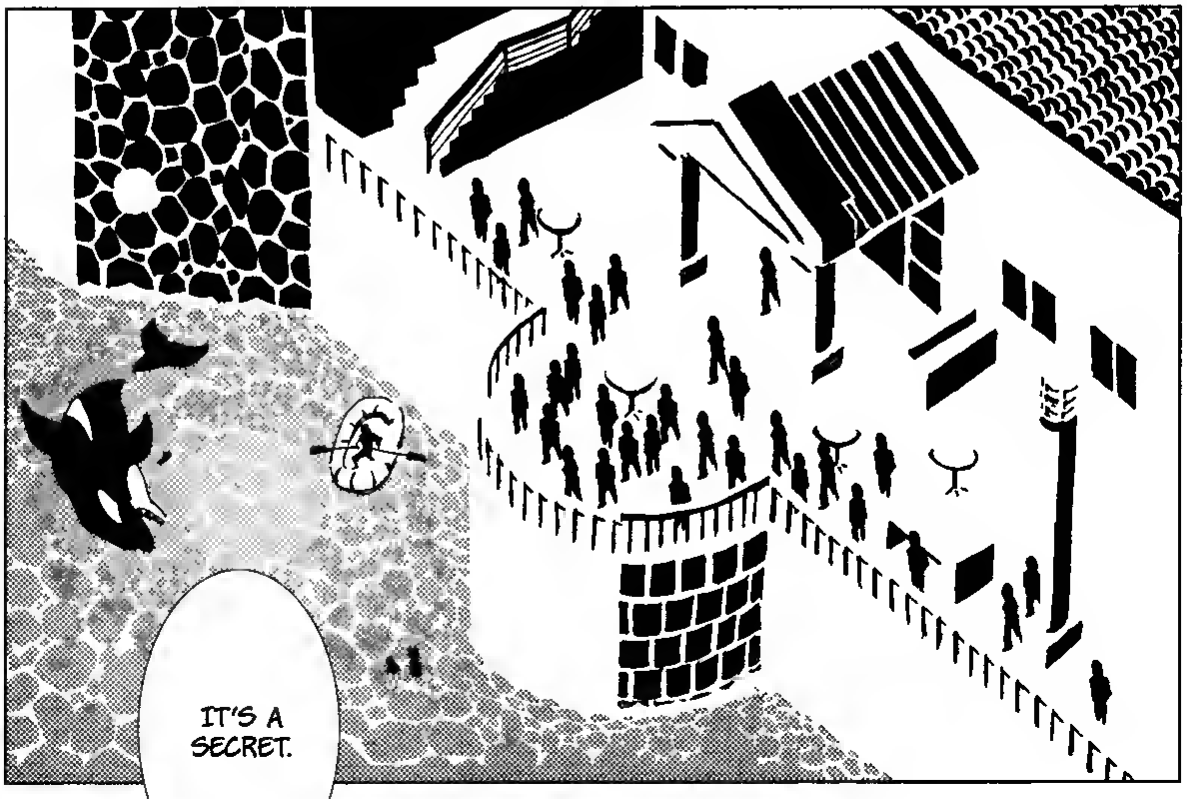
HAHAH! EVEN IF YOU TELL HIM THAT HE WON'T LISTEN, Y'KNOW?
YOU SEEM ALRIGHT, KISHIROU.

YOU SURE NAG A LOT ABOUT SOME PETTY EARS TOO...
BETTER THAN GETTING KILLED, RIGHT?

GWERHH!! SHWIT!! MY EARS...!!
IT HURTS!! MY EARS!! DAMMIT ALL!!

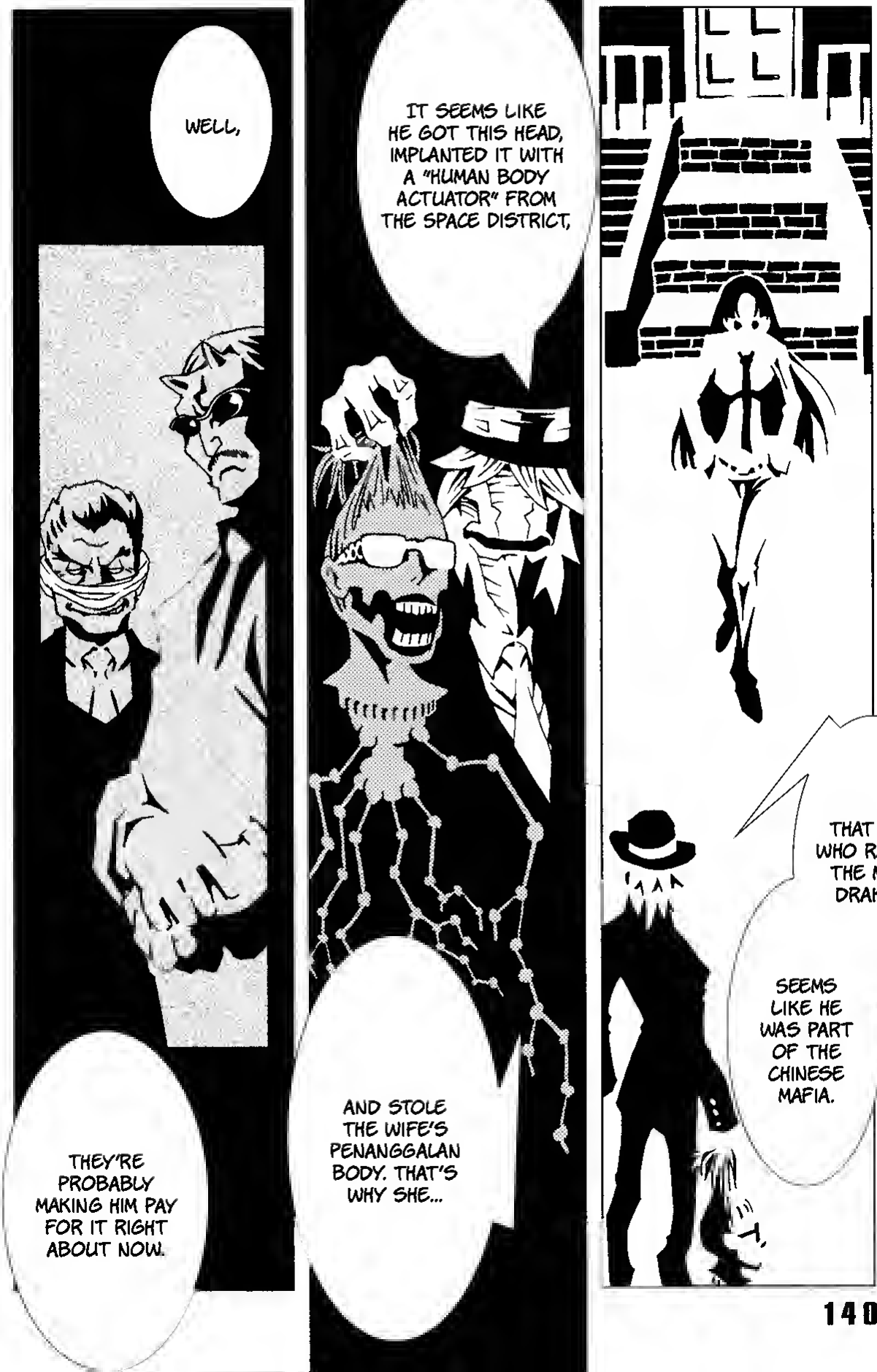
RIGHT NOW I FEEL LIKE I WANNA ASK YOU...
ERRR,

HMM?
IF YOU CAN'T HEAR, HOW DO YOU EVEN MANAGE TO HAVE A CONVERSA-TION??
YOUR EARS.


IT'S A SECRET.

CREEEAK
TH-TH-
THANK YOU...

SO MUCH...
THANK YOU...


WELL,
THEY'RE PROBABLY MAKING HIM PAY FOR IT RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
IT SEEMS LIKE HE GOT THIS HEAD, IMPLANTED IT WITH A "HUMAN BODY ACTUATOR" FROM THE SPACE DISTRICT,
AND STOLE THE WIFE'S PENANGGALAN BODY. THAT'S WHY SHE...
THAT MAN WHO RAISED THE MAN-DRAKE—
SEEMS LIKE HE WAS PART OF THE CHINESE MAFIA.

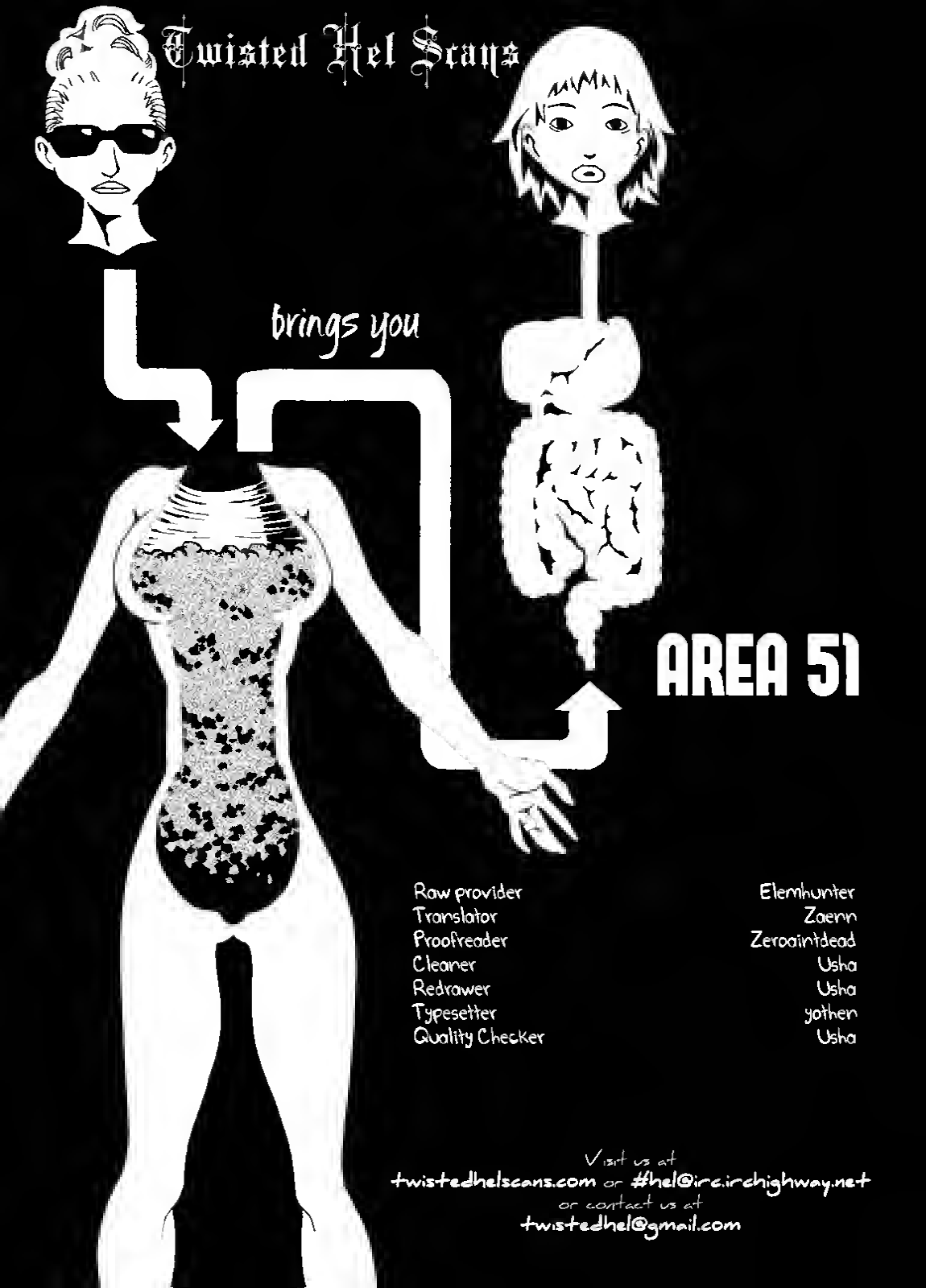
...
EVEN THOUGH YOU WOULDN'T EARN A SINGLE YEN,
AND FULLY KNOWING IT WAS THAT DANGEROUS.
FOR YOU TO JUMP RIGHT STRAIGHT TO IT OUT OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL...
ANYWAY, THAT SURE WAS UNEX-PECTED.

'CAUSE YOU NEED A BODY TO HOLD SOMEONE—
I JUST DID IT ON A WHIM!
IT WAS NOTHING...
BESIDES...
IF WE SELL IT, IT'LL SURELY FETCH A GOOD PRICE,
THIS THING.

AMECHO

A SUPERNATURAL TANUKI FROM SHIKOKU, AN ISLAND OF JAPAN. HE'S A MEMBER OF INUGAMI GYOUBU'S 808 TANUKI HOUSEHOLD, AND WORKS AS A BARTENDER IN LITTLE TOKYO. INCIDENTALLY, MCCOY'S USUAL DRINK IS THE 120 YEAR OLD "WILD PHOENIX".

エリア51


Twisted Hel Scans
brings you
AREA 51
Raw provider Elemhunter
Translator Zaenn
Proofreader Zeroaintdead
Cleaner Usha
Redrawer Usha
Typesetter yothen
Quality Checker Usha
Visit us at
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or contact us at
twistedhel@gmail.com

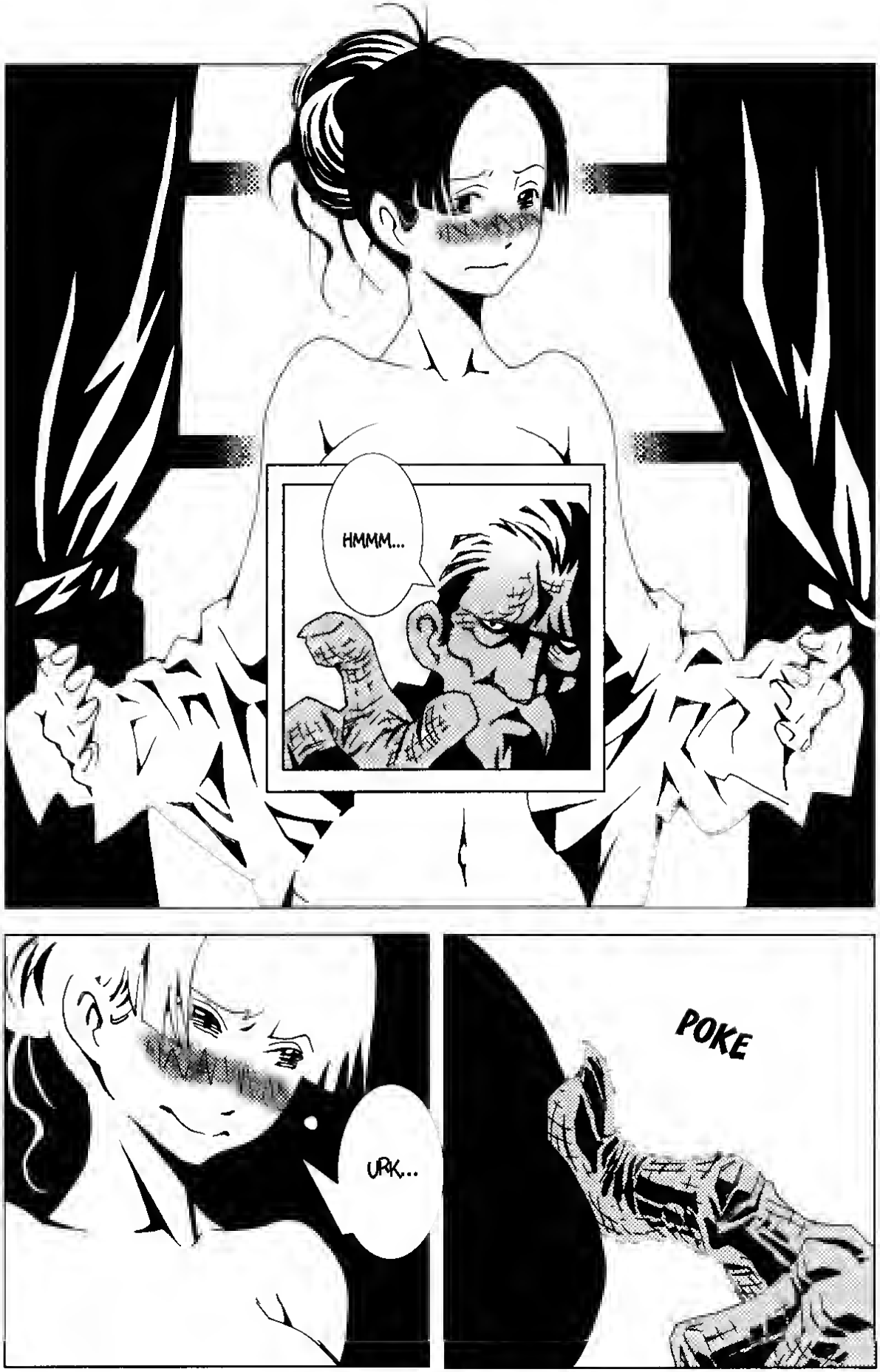
This clusterfuck of Twisted souls is almost dead, we need new souls for Hel, so join!
Twisted Hel Scans
NEEDS YOU
Join us at
#hel@irc.irchighway.net
or email us at
twistedhel@gmail.com

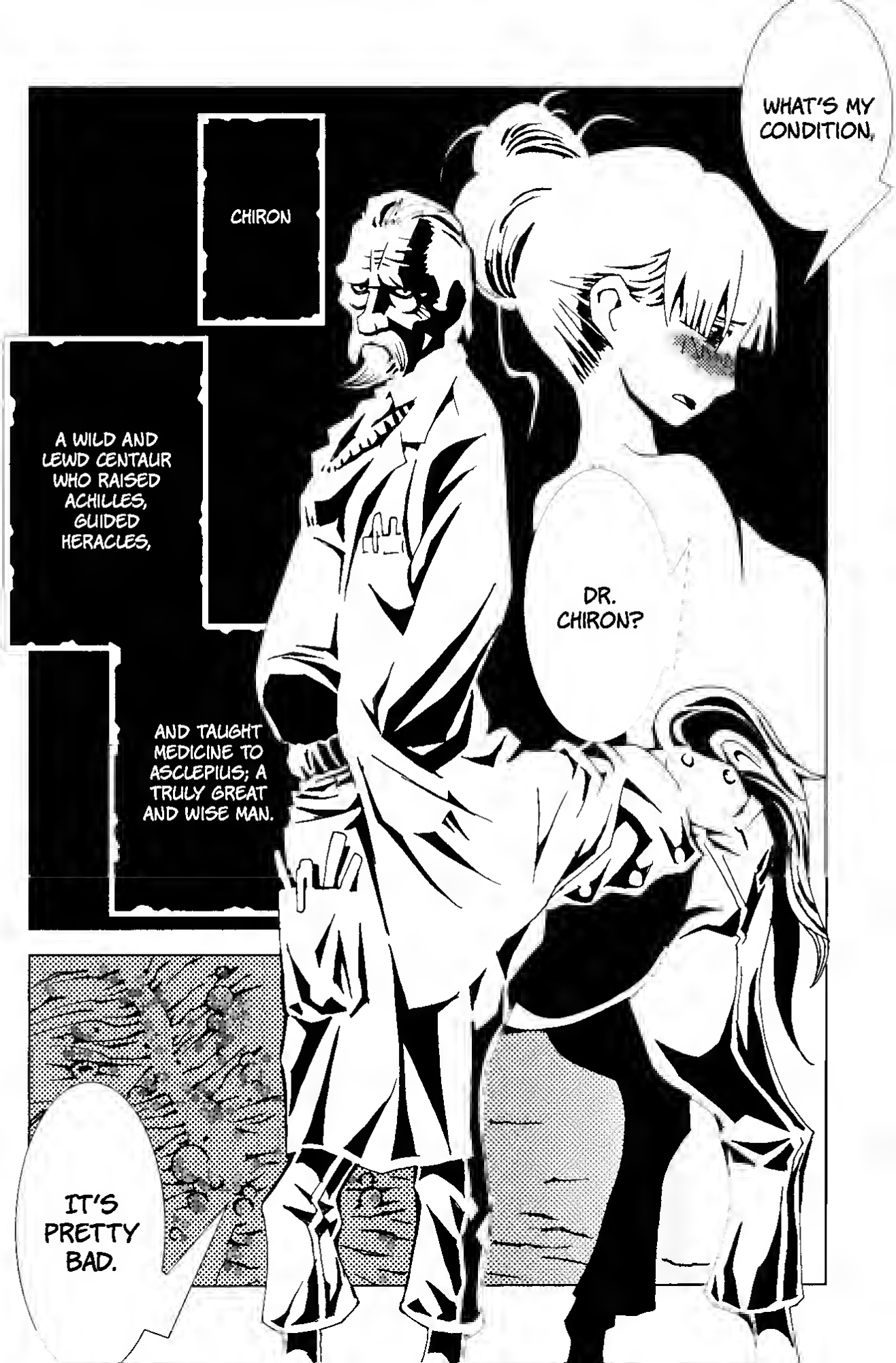
THE REQUESTED RUNAWAY PET.
HERE,
OH, THANK YOU!
SFX: "clunk"
BASICALLY, IT'S ABOUT THE FEE...
SO... MS. MCCOY?
WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TO BE DISCUSSED...
THE STANDARD FEE X THE NUMBER OF DAYS + THE NECESSARY EXPENSES + THE CONTINGENCY FEE,
A LITTLE BIT CHEAPER WOULDN'T HURT, WOULD IT..?
JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU BEFORE?
HOW ABOUT IT?
IF WE AREN'T GOING TO BE PAID, I'LL JUST OPEN THE LID RIGHT HERE AND NOW.
OHH, SO YOU WERE... ABOUT THAT...

THIS IS A HIGH-SPEED, FLYING SKYFISH.
IF YOU ARE ABLE TO CATCH IT BY YOURSELF, PLEASE, BY ALL MEANS.
DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE BLUE BIRD?
W-WAIT!!
WAIT...

A RICH MAN LIKE HIM SHOULDN'T BE HAGGLING, Y'KNOW?
SHEESH—
UHEHE
SOME BUSINESS, HUH...
AHH, KISHIROU, DROP ME OFF HERE.
HUH?
I GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF,
SO COME BACK AND PICK ME UP IN TWO OR THREE HOURS.
THIS PLACE IS...

THUMP
THIS IS TODAY'S SHARE.
CERTAINLY.
WELL THEN, TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES.
LoliPoP
LEMON PEOPLE
桃色町
FLAMINGO
海賊版
GEKI MAN
BER
at to-Teki
DoLPHIN
BOOTLEGS
Lyndon LEMON PEOPLE PEACHY NAKES


HMMM...
URK...
POKE

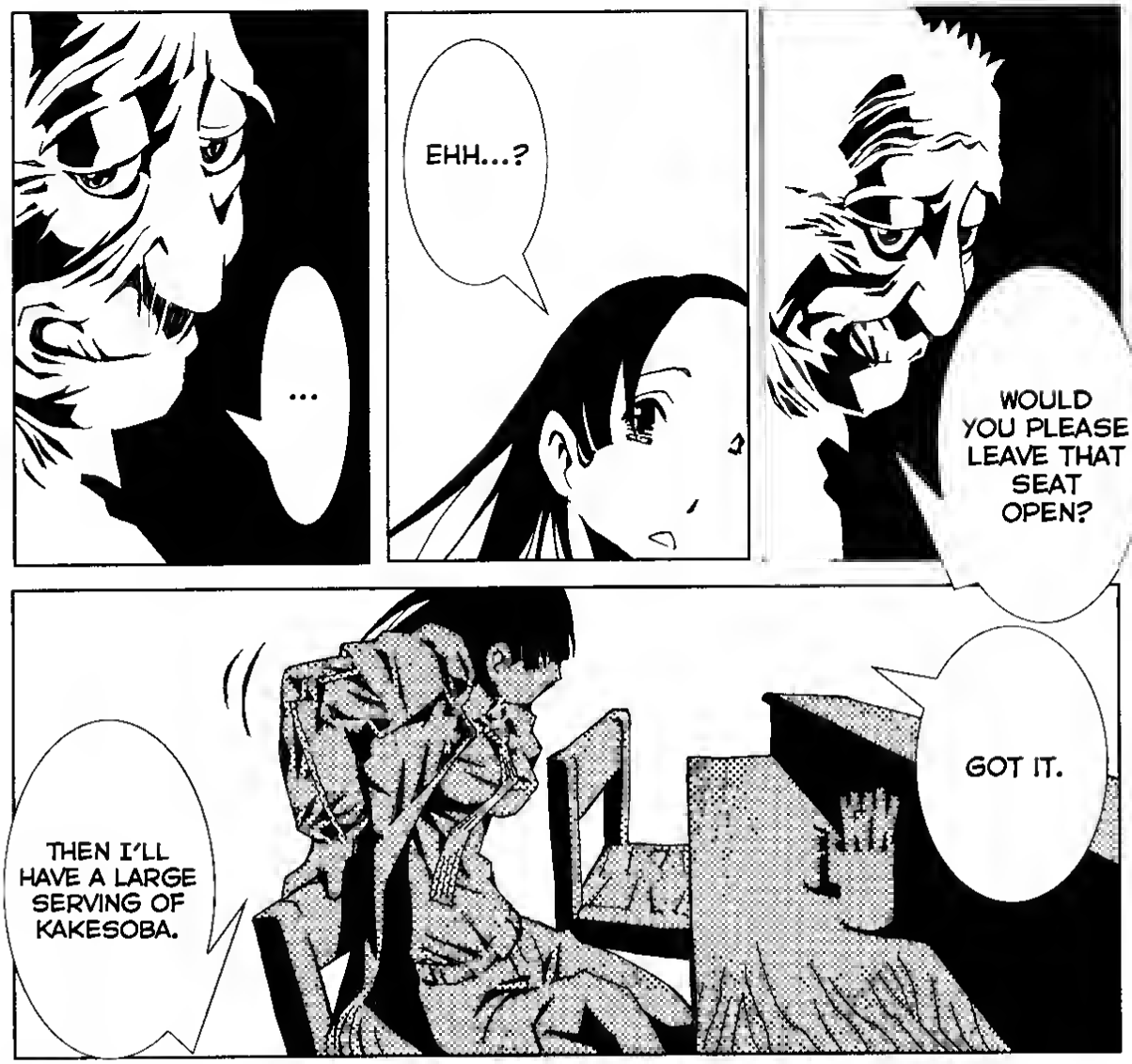

WHAT'S MY CONDITION,
CHIRON
A WILD AND LEWD CENTAUR WHO RAISED ACHILLES, GUIDED HERACLES,
AND TAUGHT MEDICINE TO ASCLEPIUS; A TRULY GREAT AND WISE MAN.
DR. CHIRON?
IT'S PRETTY BAD.

I TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE, BUT THESE ARE MERE LIFE-EXTENDING MEASURES. THE MORE YOU DRAG THIS ON, THE MORE PAINFUL YOUR DEATH WILL BE.
IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS, HUH? DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO COME EVERY MONTH?
DON'T GIVE THIS DETECTIVE ANY CRAP,
I TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE, DIDN'T I? I DON'T CARE.
OR WILL YOU BE GIVING ME A DISCOUNT FOR IT?
UNTIL I FIND AND KILL HIM, I WON'T LET MYSELF DIE!

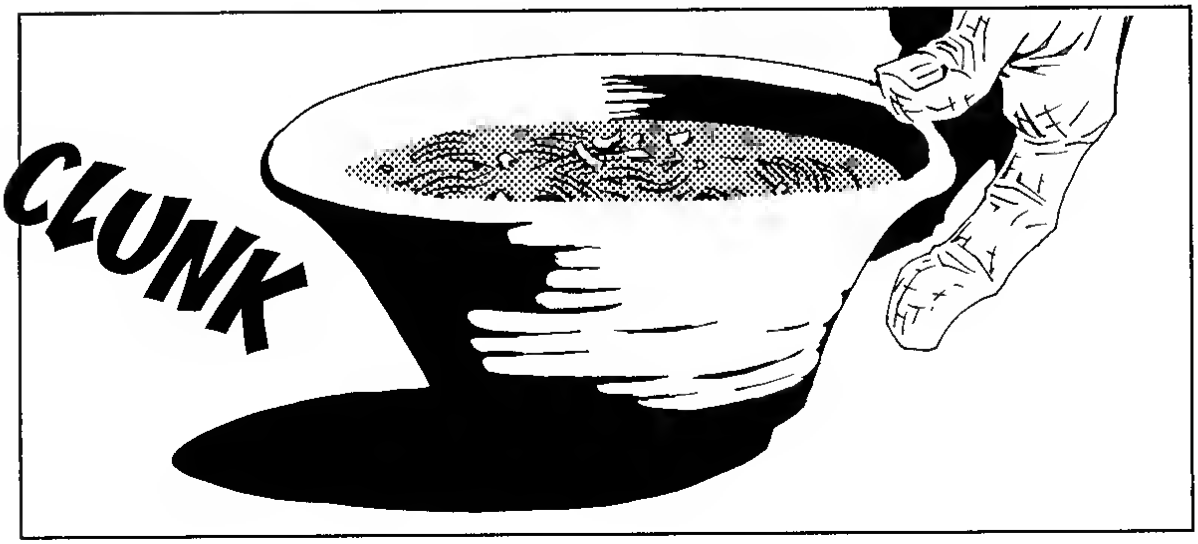
IN THAT CASE, SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.
THAT'S IF I DO COME.
CR EE EAK
Four-legged clinic
YES, SONIA?
OH DEAR, MCCOY.

HOW'S THE BUSINESS GOING?
IT HAS TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE THE LAID-BACK SEASON FOR TRAMPS~
NOT GOOD AT ALL! SINGLE SPIDERS KEEP CREEPING AROUND~
AND LATELY, THIS BLOCK HAS BEEN CHANGING TOO.
I SEE.
131
そば
SOBA
BY THE WAY, I'M KIND OF HUNGRY. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW A DECENT PLACE TO EAT AROUND HERE?
HMM... YOU WERE JAPANESE, RIGHT, MCCOY?
HMM...
THERE'S JUST THE RIGHT PLACE DOWN THE STREET, IT'S A JAPANESE NOODLE RESTAURANT~
IS IT ANY GOOD?
THE HUMAN CUSTOMERS DID SAY SO~

CLATTER
WELCOME!
AHH!
RATTLE
PARDON ME, MISS.



TL/N: Kakesoba: Buckwheat noodles in hot broth.



SLUURP
SLUURPP
SLURP
AHHH...
STOMP
CLATTER
CAN'T BELIEVE THIS PLACE IS STILL OPEN...

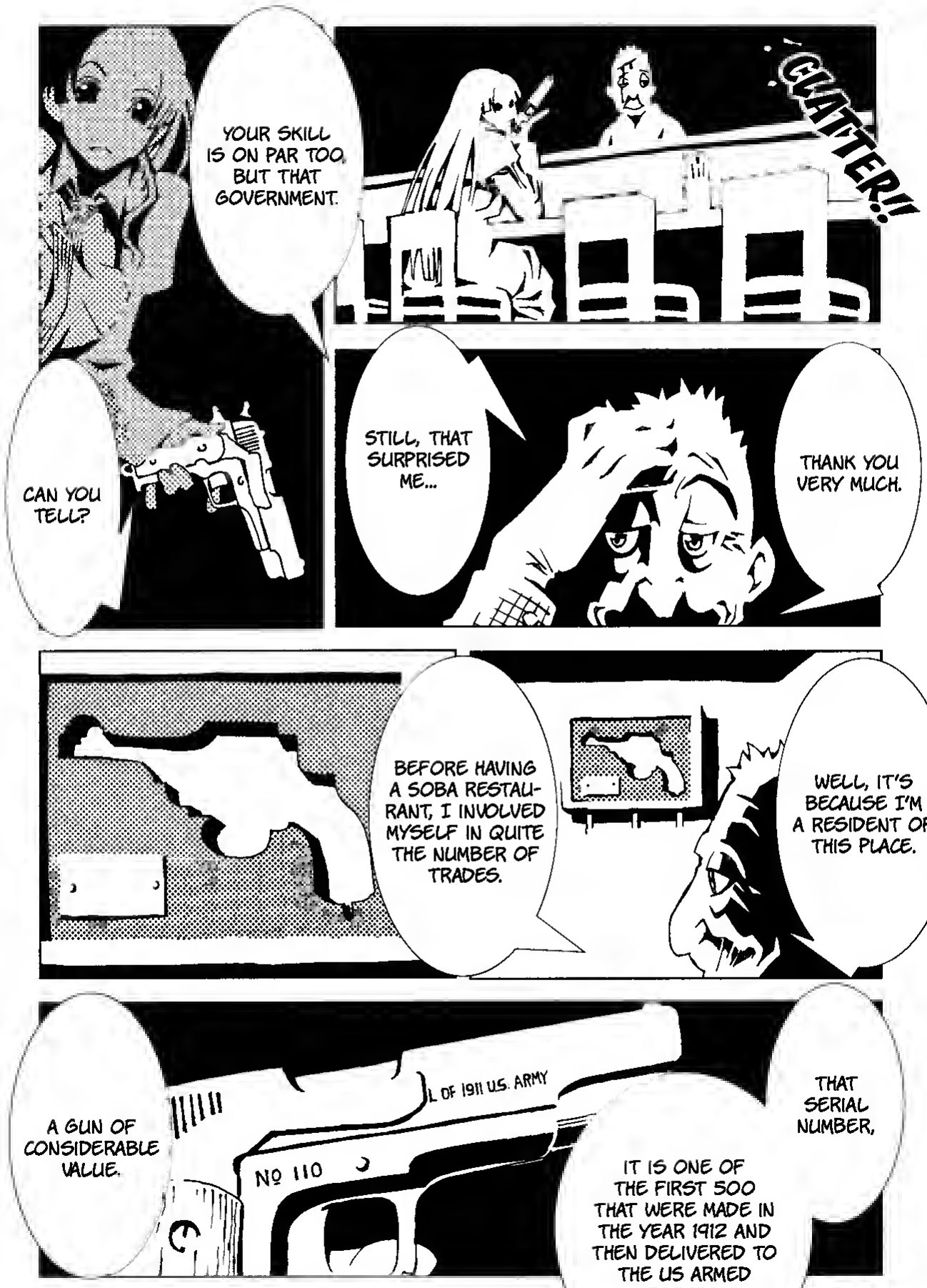
DIDN'T I TELL YA ALREADY? OUR BOSS ISN'T VERY FOND OF THIS BLOCK,
SO RATHER THAN BEING STUBBORN AND KEEPING THIS PLACE OPEN–
TMP
EVEN THOUGH CUSTOMERS WON'T EVEN SHOW UP ANYMORE.
BIG FOOT
A THERIAN-THROPIC UMA THAT HAS BEEN SIGHTED IN THE ROCKY MOUN-TAINS.
CLOSING THIS PLACE SHOULD BE FOR THE BEST, AIN'T IT!?
ACCEPT THE FREAK-ING DOUGH ALREADY...
CRACK
SORRY THERE, CUTIE PIE.
MY HAND KINDA SLIPPED.
SLUUUURP

SNAP
...
I WILL NOT SELL THE RESTAURANT.
PARDON ME, YOUNG MASTER.
NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU COME BACK, MY ANSWER WILL BE THE SAME.
SPOUT
N-NO, I'LL TIDY EVERYTHING UP RIGHT AWAY.
MY BAD, MY BAD.

PARDON ME.
THERE'S JUST NO WAY SOME RESTAURANT'S COUNTER IN AREA 51 CAN WITHSTAND BIG FOOT'S GRIP STRENGTH, CAN IT? IT JUST CAN'T, RIGHT?
LET ME SEE.
STOMP
THIS CHAIR SHOULD BE SOLID, AIN'T IT?
CREAK

TL/N Shots have been fired.

GULP
GULP
TAP
YOU JUST STOPPED BEING "BIG" FOOT, DIDN'TCHA?


YOUR SKILL IS ON PAR TOO, BUT THAT GOVERNMENT.
CAN YOU TELL?
CLATTER!!
STILL, THAT SURPRISED ME...
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
BEFORE HAVING A SOBA RESTAURANT, I INVOLVED MYSELF IN QUITE THE NUMBER OF TRADES.
WELL, IT'S BECAUSE I'M A RESIDENT OF THIS PLACE.
A GUN OF CONSIDERABLE VALUE.
L OF 1911 U.S. ARMY
No 110
IT IS ONE OF THE FIRST 500 THAT WERE MADE IN THE YEAR 1912 AND THEN DELIVERED TO THE US ARMED FORCES.
THAT SERIAL NUMBER,

I'M THE ONE WHO DECIDES WHO GETS SHOT.
THAT'S RIGHT.
ALTHOUGH IT MIGHT BE A THING OF VALUE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, THAT IS NOT THE REASON...
I CAN'T LET GO BECAUSE—

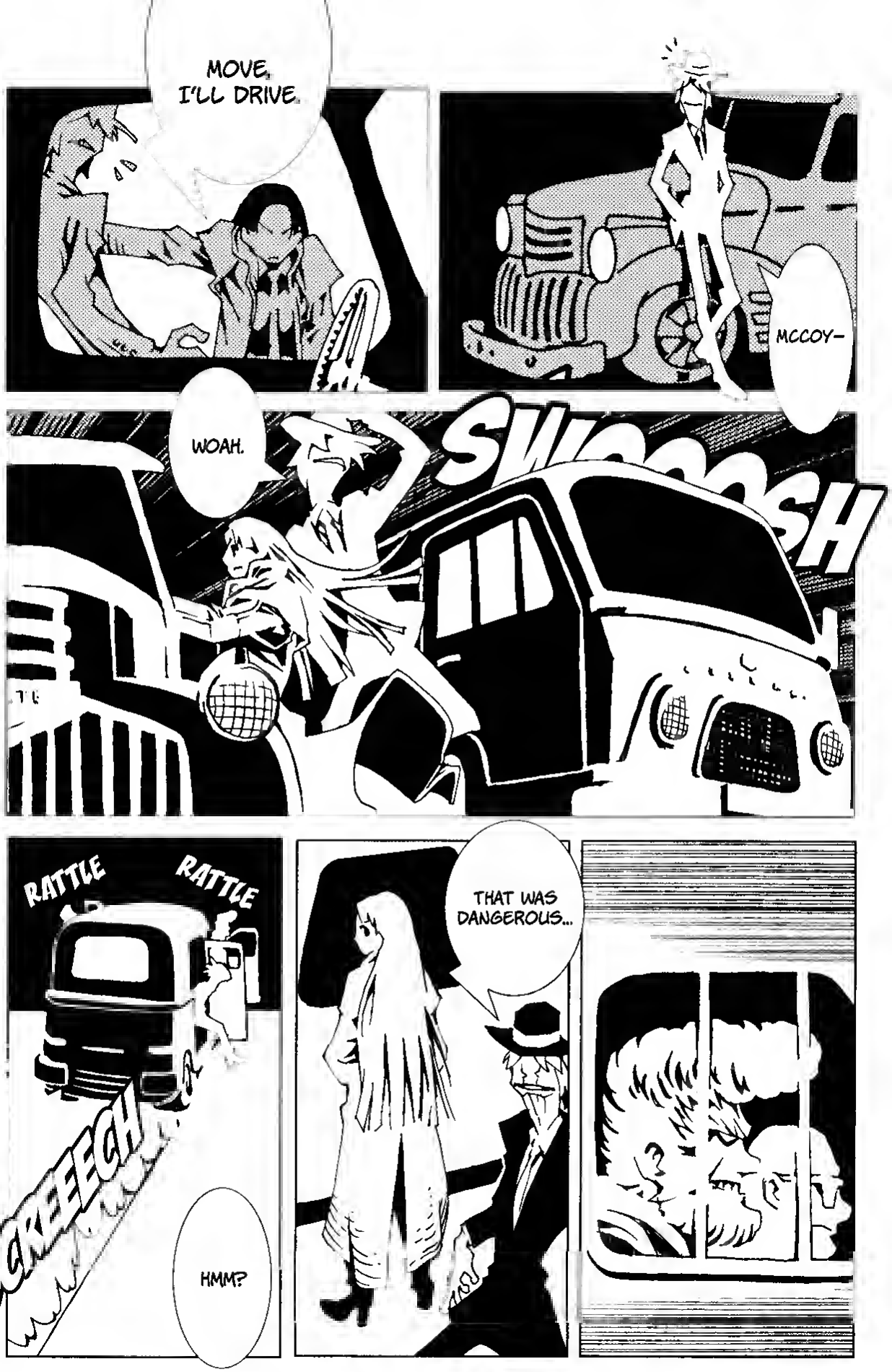
MAYBE.
IT'S THE SAME REASON AS WITH THIS OLD MAN'S CHAIR.

...
HAAH?
THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOR THE BEST. DON'T YOU AGREE?
HE DIED. TWO YEARS HAVE GONE BY ALREADY.
I SEE NOW... AND THEN, WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PERSON?
ESPECIALLY HERE IN THE AREA 51.
IT IS TOUGH WHEN YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO KEEP ON LOOKING AT SOMEONE THAT ALREADY CHANGED.
THAT PERSON'S MEMORIES WILL NOT CHANGE WHILE DWELLING INSIDE YOU.
FOR THE BEST...?

PLEASE...

...STOP...
TOKUKO...
BANG

NOT CHANGING WAS FOR THE BEST...?
THOSE MEMORIES... THEY KEEP ON CLINGING TO THE INSIDES OF MY CRANIUM AND JUST WON'T COME OFF...
CLENCH
...
PITAPAT
IF I COULD CHANGE THINGS...
THANK YOU FOR THE MEAL.
CLATTER

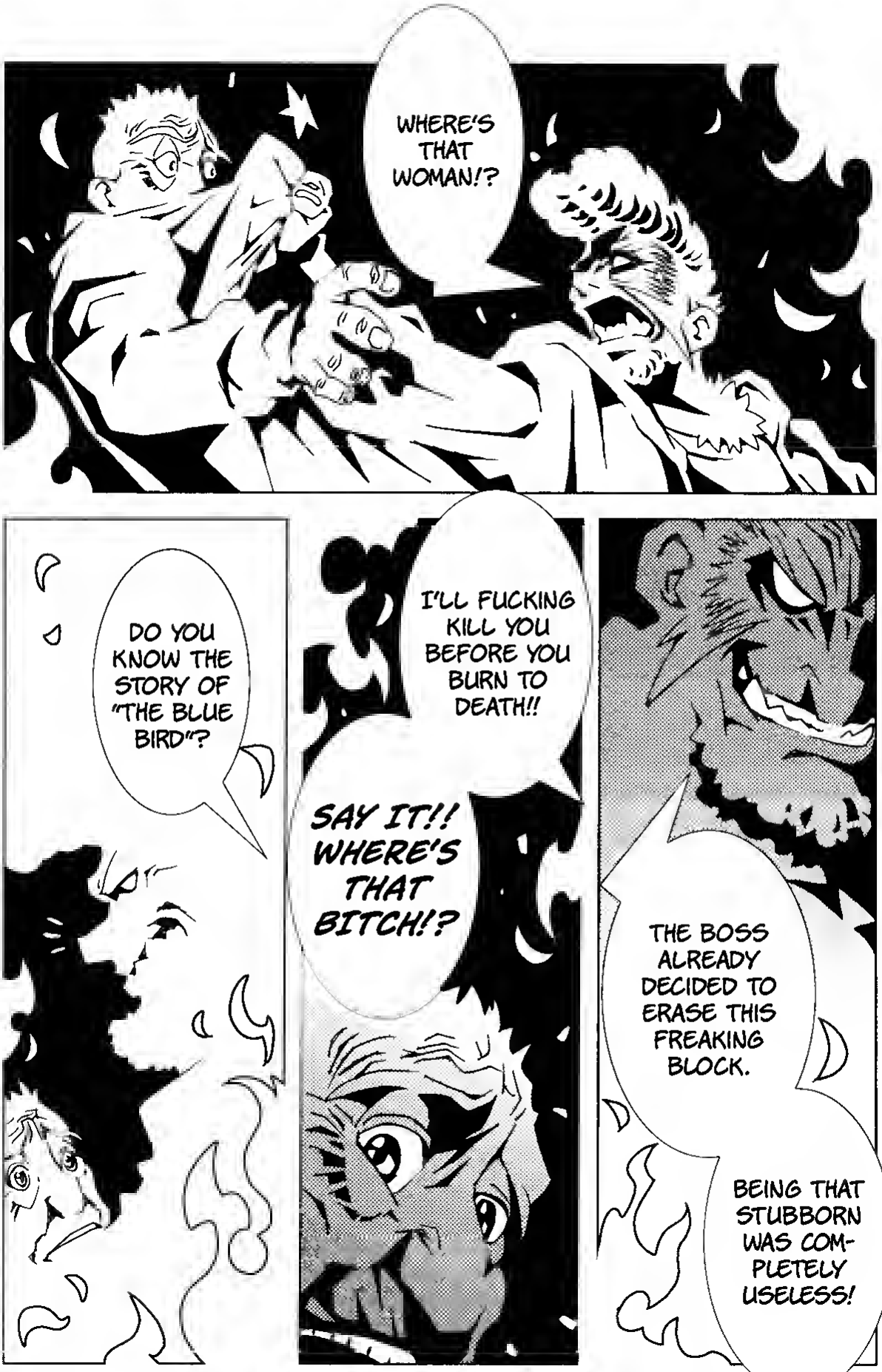

MOVE, I'LL DRIVE.
MCCOY-
WOAH.
SWOOOSH
RATTLE
RATTLE
SCREECH
HMM?
THAT WAS DANGEROUS...

I'M COUNTING ON YOU.

ROAAR

SLAM
KER-CHAK
IT'S THEM...
HUH? WAIT A- MCCOY!?
IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

SON OF A BITCH!!
SLAM
RUSTLE
RUSTLE


WHERE'S THAT WOMAN!?
I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU BEFORE YOU BURN TO DEATH!!
SAY IT!! WHERE'S THAT BITCH!?
DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF "THE BLUE BIRD"?
THE BOSS ALREADY DECIDED TO ERASE THIS FREAKING BLOCK.
BEING THAT STUBBORN WAS COMPLETELY USELESS!

BA
NG
THAT STORY WHERE "WHAT YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR IS CLOSER THAN YOU MIGHT EXPECT!"
KISHIROU!!
OK!
BEING UNABLE TO EAT GOOD SOBA WOULD BE QUITE TROUBLING, YOU SEE.
WHY DID YOU COME BACK?
COUGH
YOU...

WOBBLE
SHING
BAAAM
SHRIEEEEEK
VOAWHOOOOOSH

ONE THAT DWELLS WITHIN FIRE, AND IS ABLE TO FREELY MANIPULATE IT.

A SPIRIT RULED BY THE FATED FIRE OF PARACELSUS, THE ALCHEMIST.

SALAMANDER

BANG
BANG

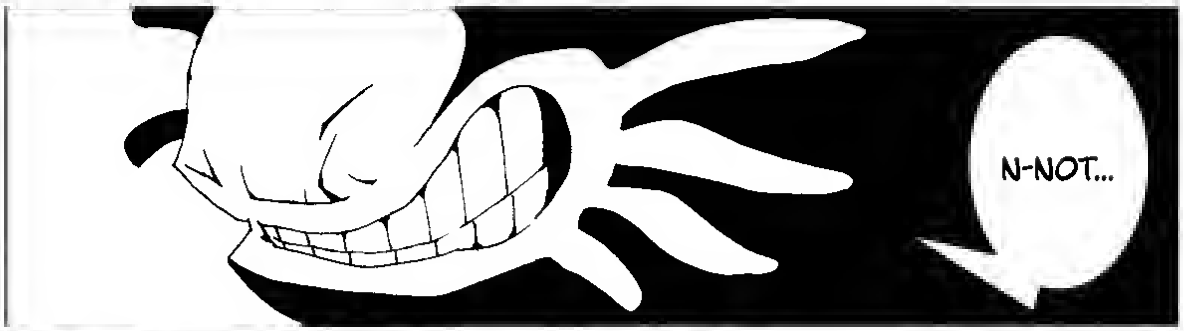
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
SMIRK
GUNS WON'T WORK ON HIM.
MCCOY!!
TCH.
IT'S NO USE AFTER ALL, HUH...

LEAD BULLETS WON'T WORK ON THAT THING.
LEAVING SOMEONE AT BIG FOOT'S LEVEL ASIDE,
A SPIRIT'S "PARANORMAL GAUGE" IS VERY HIGH.
BUT...
IF YOU HAD "SPIRIT" BULLETS, YOU COULD KILL HIM.
URK.
HUH?
KYAA!!

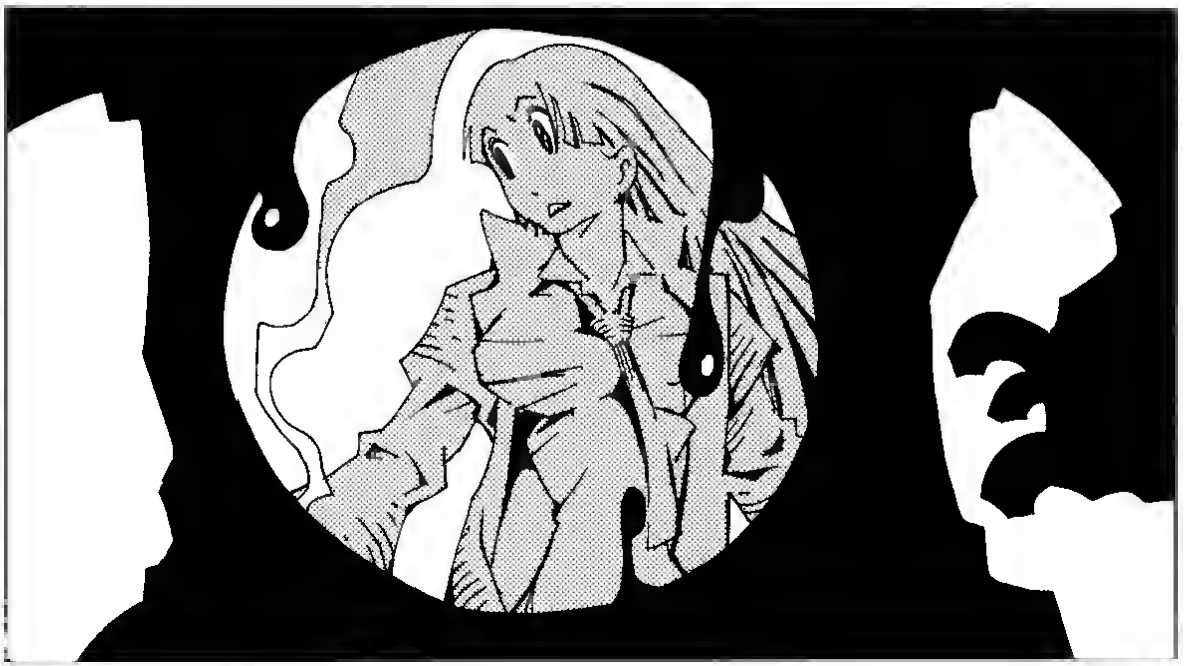
MCCOY!!

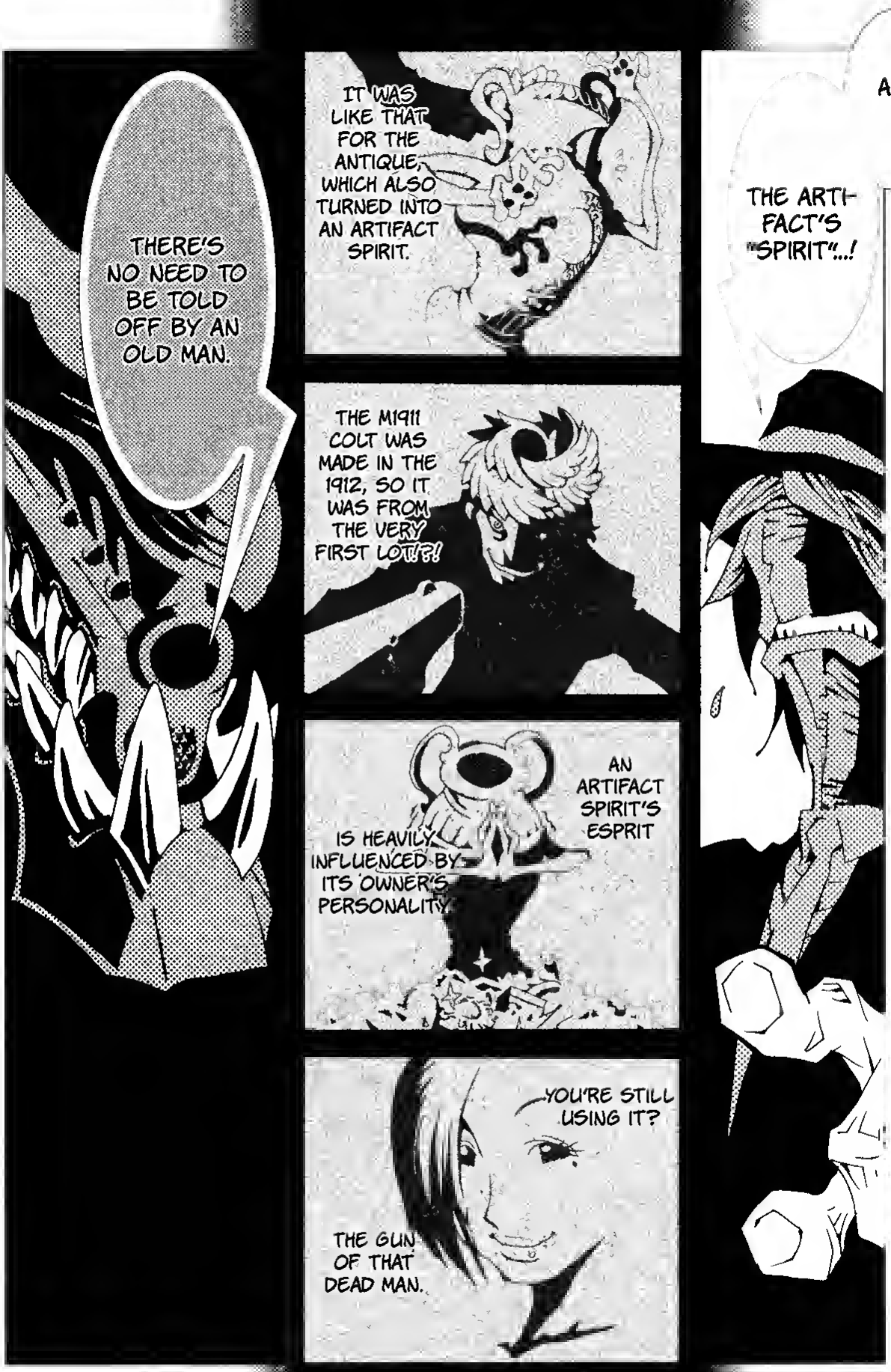
OI.
THIS'LL BE THE 99TH YEAR, RIGHT?
HOW MANY DAYS ARE LEFT? IT MIGHT NOT BE ENOUGH THOUGH, I DON'T KNOW.
IS IT ALRIGHT FOR YOU TO LOOK AT ME WITH SUCH BIG EYES?
WHO'S HE-?
I CAN TELL BY JUST LOOKING AT YOU. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN USING IT WITH GREAT CARE,
SO IF THAT IS THE CASE...

BANG
DON'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT IT.
!?
WOULDN'T YOU MIND SAVING HER!!?


N-NOT...

...A CHANCE IN–




AHH...
THE ARTI-FACT'S "SPIRIT"...!
IT WAS LIKE THAT FOR THE ANTIQUE, WHICH ALSO TURNED INTO AN ARTIFACT SPIRIT.
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE TOLD OFF BY AN OLD MAN.
THE M1911 COLT WAS MADE IN THE 1912, SO IT WAS FROM THE VERY FIRST LOT!?!
AN ARTIFACT SPIRIT'S ESPRIT
IS HEAVILY INFLUENCED BY ITS OWNER'S PERSONALITY.
YOU'RE STILL USING IT?
THE GUN OF THAT DEAD MAN.

51① END

百頭最強

HYAKUTOU SAITAN

ネッシー
01 NESSIE

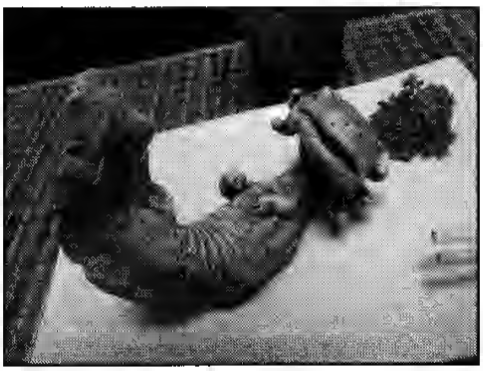
不死鳥
02 PHOENIX

ペナンガラン
03 PENANGGALAN

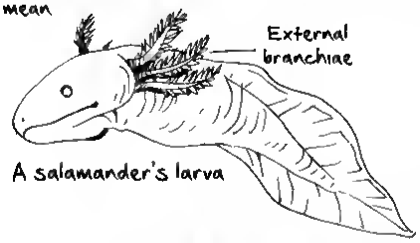
サラマンダー
04 SALAMANDER

Nessie

I, Hisa Masato, came from a tourist attraction in the city of Yokohama; the Mazu Shrine's red and getting to experience the lovely soba of its Chinatown. Because mangaka must live according to very irregular schedules, getting a chance to enjoy all that wonderful Chinese cuisine is nigh impossible. When a deadline approaches, and especially when the situation is pressing, without realizing it's already late, you get hungry and you dispatch someone to the outside world, but most places are already closed. Exaggerated and happy ornaments over the painted buildings make it seem like a city that came out of a movie. I amuse myself and look at them, quietly standing in rows. I managed to find a lit-up restaurant while aimlessly wandering these streets. It must have been an omen of good fortune. That restaurant was called "100 Heads"



The owner said "larvae" and "tadpoles", but they have external branchiae (fluttering gills to the sides of its heads). Frogs have it the other way around. Extremities (hands) grow first, and even though they're amphibians, it's a characteristic of larvae belonging to the Caudata (the pals of newts and salamanders). Their necks are really long even when they're still larvae. Nessie's necks I mean.



The reason Nessie can live in the cold waters of Loch Ness is because amphibians are resistant to cold weather. By breathing through their skin, they can live pretty much all the time underwater. That's one of the reasons as to why amphibians are rarely spotted in nature.

While looking at the menu across the counter of the small place, I heard the owner calling up to me, "Are you okay with peppers?" I casually answered, "Ahh, I really like them." I'm not the best with spicy food, but after going through the trouble of finding the place, shouldn't one try to be on good terms with the owner? "Truth is, today's special isn't very popular. Though it's a bit peculiar, it is delicious. It'll be on the house, so why not try one?" "Ehh, would that really be okay?" Doing that kind of thing for a stranger like me. Should I take this as a good omen? The owner took out a small plate and started rolling up a somewhat large piece of deep-fried food on it. I wondered if those were deep-fried dumplings. "I guarantee you, they're delicious." I took a bite like he recommended. It was a deep-fried, crunchy veil of flavor that when penetrated, set adrift the faint aroma of Japanese peppers. When he said there was a peculiarity to it, there definitely was one, a certain refreshing aroma, that is. It had a certain elasticity while being chewed on. The firm mass of meat was deep-fried without batter. "This is really good, is it chicken?" "No way, it's just some ol' Nessie." "Nessie?" The conversation stopped right there. The owner lifted his forefinger and pointed towards the front door. "Well, I can't bring myself to say it out loud. The truth is... you see, it's that." "Oh well, rather than out loud..." "Even after saying all that, the adult's meat is so fussy. What I just gave you was that kind of meat, larva meat." "Larva meat?" "From Loch Ness that is. It's a shame adults are so hard to find. But one is able to raise them pretty easily, and even though they're small, they're still able to breed. Larvae can yield pretty well!" "Larvae." "Ohh, there's that too. You see, tadpoles." "Uh-huh." The image of a squirming body, smoothly flapping its tail and fins popped inside my head. "They were delicious, weren't they?" "Yes, ermm..." Effectively so, my plate was suddenly empty.

I can see the cold, richly-colored billboards. I embraced my hunger at midnight while wandering aimlessly through Chinatown. Everything is closed already. Partially out of despair, I walked to and fro until I perceived a most appetizing aroma. I heard the escalating harmony of crackling flames. In pursuit of the source, I found a restaurant whose name made me hesitate. "100 Heads", it was called. The owner was outside, building a fire in an earthen charcoal stove. On top of this stove's grill, there was a lump of meat that looked like chicken, roasted chicken. As I let out my white breath, the owner lifted his face up in search of a fan, and then smiled while nodding a hello. 'It's quite cold, isn't it? Would you like one...?" He suddenly held out a small cup. Being subject to such assertive familiarity, even though we had just met, makes me happy. Mangaka have lonely jobs. "Oh, thank you." Just when I thought I would be getting some alcohol to warm up this body of mine, I looked closely at the small glass cup, and it held a deep red liquid inside. "W-Would this be a Bloody Mary...?" While it did look like it, the redness made me falter, and I uttered the name of the cocktail that I thought it was. "No way, it's lifeblood! That's a really high-grade ingredient, there." Struck by the owner's words, the drink's consistency felt all the more gooey, all the more ominous than before.

It reminded me of the lifeblood of soft-shelled turtles. Making up my mind on what it was, even though it was such a beautiful and bright vermilion, I was hesitant to drink it. "Is it no good? Blood." "No, it's just that..." "I see, then..." when the owner tried to take the cup from me, I drank it all up in one go. "Wow, I'm overflowing with strength." "Just like a vampire, ain't it?" Looking at the leftover blood in the corner of his mouth, I was reminded of such a thing. 'A vampire? Nothing like that, no—" Precisely when I answered back, he suddenly stabbed the lump of meat that was being roasted. The meat sprung up at an angle from the grill, much faster than my eyes could hope to see. It went past the owner's belly and so, continued flying high through the night sky. "Gwooaahh!" Rather than the bizarre phenomenon of meat flying, he was not yelping because of the shock of being pierced through his stomach, but the owner, himself the perpetrator of such a tragedy, calmly looked up at the sky and muttered, "I should've known, roasting a phoenix is really no good." 'E-Excuse me..." When I inquired, he stroked gently the place in his abdomen where a hole must have been and showed me. Though it looked like his clothes were not there in the first place, I could see a drop of blood in his abdominal muscles, but there is no trace of a wound. But it couldn't be, it certainly pierced him through. "It's 'cause I drank some lifeblood just before", the owner said while laughing. "Lifeblood?" " A phoenix's blood, that is. I drained out the blood before. But the damn thing resurrected while I was roasting it." "Okay." I looked up at the sky where the chicken meat had flown. My stomach growled in response.

The owner was saved because he drank phoenix blood, but there are other monsters whose "lifeblood" have the same spiritual energy. For example, when the German Siegfried defeated a dragon, he was covered in blood and thus it is said his body became immortal

In this case, it became a situation where "no matter the weapon used, all attacks will be rendered useless.", the "deathless blood" strengthens the body by covering it, so that it renders those parts "indestructible". When drank and used as an internal drug, it actively regenerates you like an "immortal" Though the actual results might be different from the prescribed directions

The skills of the "100 Heads" owner would certainly seem to be the best out there. "Would you like dessert?" He then took out a transparent gelatin that sparkled with seven different colors, but I was busy being mesmerized by the deliciousness of that liver and leek stir fry set meal served with a large bowl of steaming white rice which I had just finished eating. I felt complete while looking at that radiance, and my lips let slip the words, "That would be nice. Everything else has been delicious today too." I may have been misunderstanding something all this time. "Yeah, that said, you—" "Oh, please! Let me try it today as well." I flustered, raised my spoon and rammed a soft piece of the dessert inside my mouth. While too light for its size, it slid down my throat and chilled it while passing through. I began choking from the faint sweetness of this bouquet. It was something like a fruit from South America. "Does it have something like mango in it?" "Ohh, do you dislike it?" "No, it's delicious." "I'm glad! Though, it's meat." "Huh?" "Hey! Don't—" The hand that was holding a spoon stopped, as there was a monkey in front of me.
"Uwooah!!" I reflexively bent backwards, the owner caught that little head in a flash.

The reason one usually gets suspicious with Penanggalan is because their innards leaving their bodies and hanging from their necks is plenty outrageous already, and on top of that, they can fly through the sky even though they don't have any wings. It's because they're packed with too many abilities, in my opinion. According to the owner's story, they're invisible from their neck down and only their intestines are visible. This experience convinced me. Moreover, if that were some sort of bat, it isn't weird at all for them to fly.

There is just one problem left. Will I be alright after eating this raw?

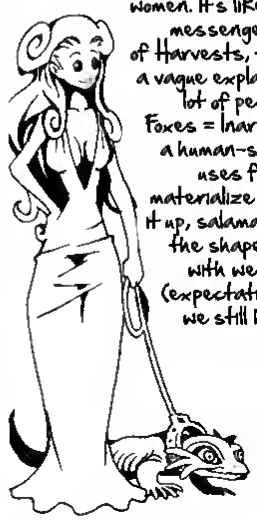
That was not a monkey, just a monkey's head. And worse, there was no body under that neck, only a long string that dangled around. There were lumps of dark-red meat clinging from the string, and each one of them were swelling and beating at a fast pace. It was just as if the head and innards of a monkey had been pulled out of its body, that grotesque. "W-What is that?" I looked away. The owner is preparing something weird again, I suppose. I'm glad that my meal is over. The monkey's face made a squeal. "I'm sorry. This one's quite lively." Under the head caught by the owner, the string from which the entrails hung was making a ruckus. "It's a Penanggalan. You can catch them in Malaysia." "Penan...?" "Don't you know about them? Their skin is transparent so you can only see their insides. A freshly-severed head dangles their innards and fly. Well, there is that sort of scary legend going around. But, please look under the neck... here."
Forcefully encouraged, I reluctantly looked at it. On top of the innards, which I thought to be exposed, there was a transparent and thick skin which discredited me. Looking hard... under its neck, one could see how its body truly became transparent. The sinewy wings on its back were like those of bats. The owner said while taking the struggling Penanggalan back to the kitchen, "I prepared today's meal with a freshly strangled Penanggalan, you know." "Ehh?" The liver and leek stir fry just now. "Raw meat has this sweet aroma to it, don't you think so?" "Raw meat?" "It's just like jello, ain't it?" *flap flap* I could hear the flapping sound of wings from the kitchen, and it disappeared along the sound of a spoon falling down.

SALAMANDER

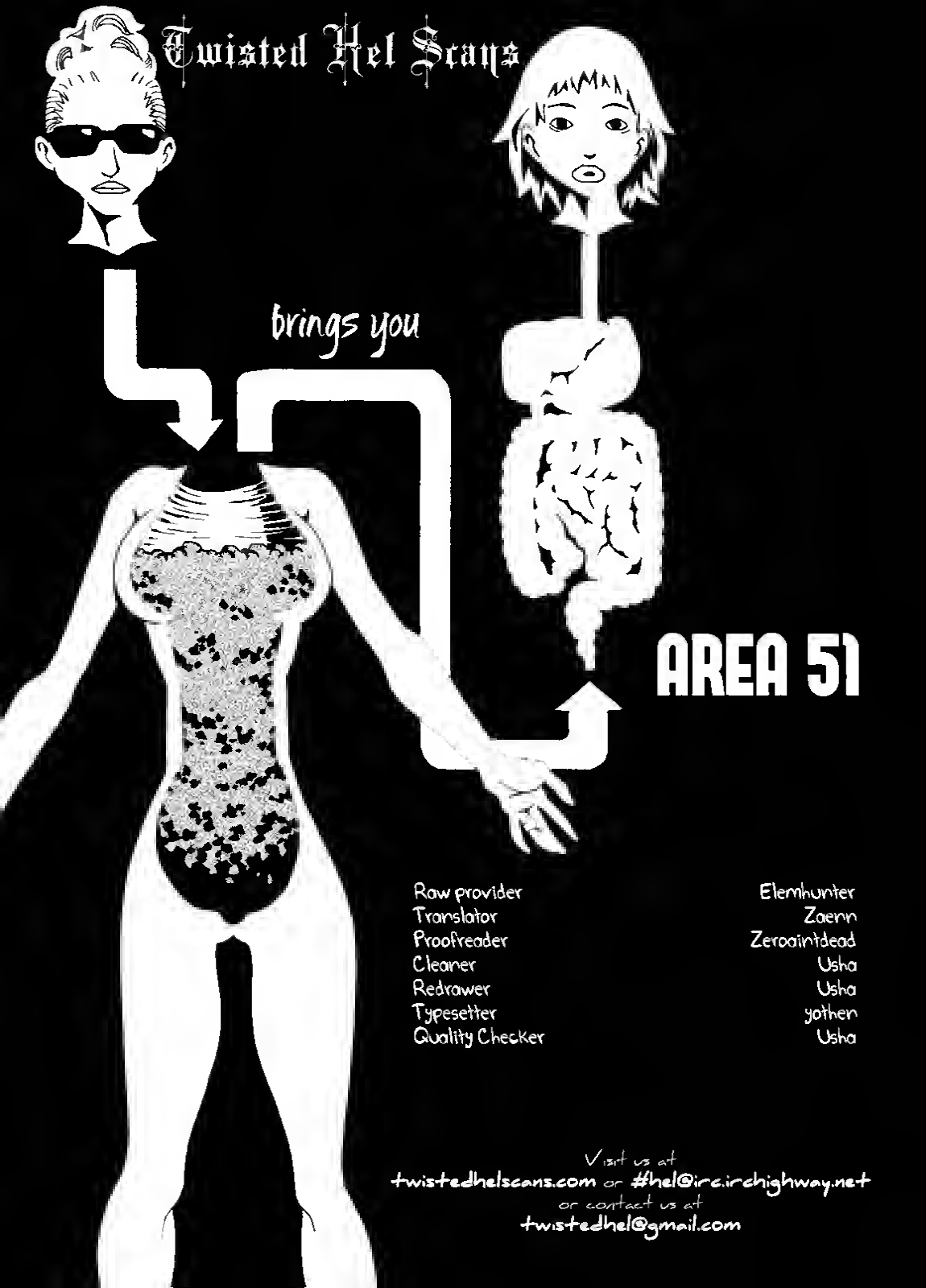
The sun (God) was dazzling. I reached a deadlock with my storyboards, so I tried to take a stroll around the neighborhood park. This place is as vast as an ocean. I sat down on the lawn and relaxed. Instead of crumpling my face inside the apartment and brooding over it, this would be much more constructive. My stomach growled. The sun was right above. I should have bought something in Chinatown. In the midst of such a regret, the fragrance of desire wafted in.

Sitting crossed-legged on the lawn, I started reflecting on the owner of the "100 Heads". Meeting him in a bright place had a mysterious feeling to it. Lowering my head slightly, he showed me a smile as well, while eating a delicious-looking Chinese dumpling. "It looks delicious. Is that your lunch?" While saying so, I wondered if that was also some sort of strange food and so took the necessary precautions. "Errm... I am ashamed to say so, but this didn't come from the restaurant. It's just a typical frozen and precooked meal. When the weather's good, I just feel like steaming these and eating them. They're soo delicious!"

Using the abilities of salamanders that light the holy flame of Zoroastrianism to steam a dumpling... Salamanders, commonly called "fire lizards" are also drawn like beautiful women. It's like how foxes are the messengers of Inari, the God of Harvests, that should work as a vague explanation. There are a lot of people that think that Foxes = Inari, but Inari is indeed a human-shaped god that only uses foxes as familiars to materialize in the world. To sum it up, salamanders too appear in the shape of beautiful women with well-developed bosoms (expectation), but that aside, we still haven't made use of fire lizards in the human world.



There was a steaming basket right over the lawn, but no source of fire whatsoever. "Huh? This generates heat, y'know?" The owner lifted up the steaming basket, there was a thick string hanging from its side. "Is this maybe, something like a Jet Box Bento by any chance?" I had seen something like this from time to time in the lunch boxes that they sell at the train stations. If I remember correctly, there is caustic lime and water in the bottom of the box, and when you pull the string, they get mixed, generating heat as a result. "Yeah, that's right." When he pulled the string, a strong whooshing noise was made and the temperature started rising immediately. He gave me a warm, steamed dumpling once he lifted the lid. I felt at ease and sank my teeth into it. "It's a really handy steaming basket, isn't it? Where did you buy it?" I heard the owner answering while the Chinese dumpling's warmth scalded my tongue, "No, no, this is part of one of our restaurant's specials." and gave a shake to the basket he just used.
Something fell with a plop. White smoke gently rose from the object, looking at what would seem to be the residue of caustic acid... though it suddenly twitched and moved around. "Wooah!" The owner turned the steaming basket upside down and used it to cover that thing. But... I certainly did check. That thing was a living thing with a round head, limbs, and a slightly long neck. "A lizard...?" "Yeah, a salamander. When I pull his tail, he's plunged in water, this makes him warm himself up. But if I'm not careful, he might escape though..." "Uh huh." "He's piping hot, right?" My tongue wondered if I should finish the remaining half of that Chinese dumpling.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